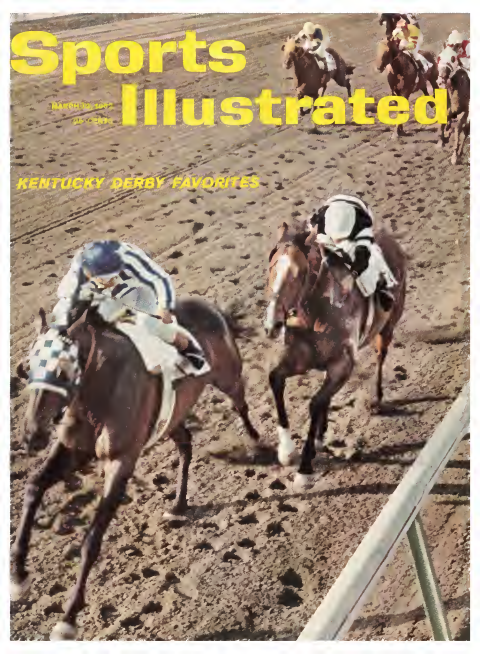


Sports Illustrated



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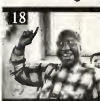
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Next week

ARTHUR LYDIARD, coach of record makers Peter Snell and Murray Halberg, describes the rigorous and controversial training methods that are the talk of the track world.

AN ENGLISH GAME comes to life on the West Coast and in four pages of color taken by Hy Peskin at the annual Monterey Peninsula Tournament, in which U.S. Rugby teams meet.

SPECIAL AGENT James Bond was created by Detective Story Writer Ian Fleming, who tells how he utilized the technical knowledge of a firearms expert to keep Bond's enemies at bay.





POINT OF FACT

An NCAA basketball tournament quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

What was the most dramatic NCAA championship game ever played?

In 1957 North Carolina beat Kansas 54-53 in a triple-overtime game. Kansas, led by Wilt Chamberlain, had been heavily favored in the finals after easily beating San Francisco 80-56 the previous night. North Carolina, on the other hand, had to play three overtimes against Michigan State in the semifinals before winning 74-70. In the championship game the score was 46-46 at the end of regulation play and 48-48 after the first overtime. The second overtime was scoreless. North Carolina went ahead 52-48 in the third overtime but Kansas tied the score and, with 31 seconds to go, went ahead by one point. With six seconds left, however, Joe Quigg of North Carolina sank two foul shots to win the game.

Has any team, besides North Carolina, won its only one game in a championship game?

Yes, Indiana beat Kansas 69-68 in 1953, and California beat West Virginia 71-70 in 1959.

Ohio State had a perfect record (24-0) when it went into the 1961 NCAA tournament. Has any other team entered the NCAA tournament with no regular-season defeats?

Yes, Columbia was 21-0 but lost in the first round in 1951. San Francisco was 25-0 in 1956 and won four more games to take the title. North Carolina was 27-0 when it entered the 1957 tournament.

continued

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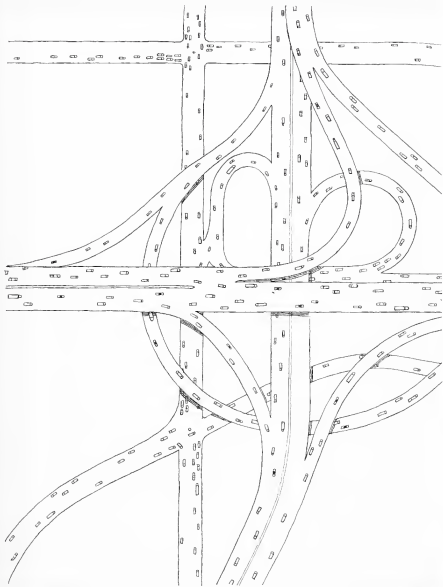
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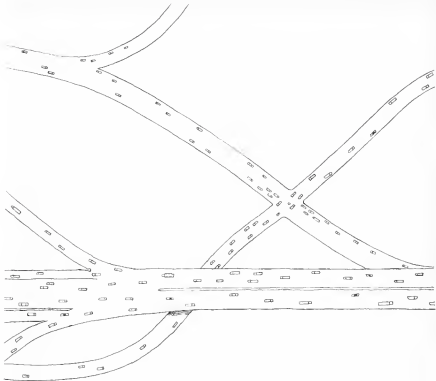
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POINT OF FACT *(continued)*

? *Has any team won the NCAA championship in successive years?*

• Yes. Oklahoma A&M won in 1945 and 1946. Kentucky in 1948 and 1949 (Kentucky also won in 1951 and 1958, the only team to take more than two championships) and San Francisco in 1955 and 1956. Indiana is the only other team to have won twice—1940 and 1953.

? *Bill: Ma Gill of Utah was high scorer in last year's tournament, with 117 points in four games. Who holds the tournament record for points scored?*

• Hal Loe of Temple scored 160 points in five games in the 1956 tournament. Temple lost in the semifinals to Iowa but won the consolation game to finish third in the tournament. Jerry West of West Virginia also scored 160 points in five games in 1959. Clyde Lovellette of Kansas holds the record for four games—141 points in 1952. Oscar Robertson of Cincinnati scored the most points in one game (56), against Arkansas in the 1958 western regional consolation game.

? *Jerry: Lucas has selected as the Most Valuable Player of the tournament in 1960 and 1961. Has any other player been MVP two years in a row?*

• Yes. Bob Kurland of Oklahoma A&M was picked in 1945 and 1946, and Alex Groza of Kentucky in 1948 and 1949. Kurland and Groza were also tournament high scorers both years.

? *When Lucas won the MVP award last year he became the sixth player to do so from a team that did not win the championship. Who were the others?*

• B. H. Born was MVP in 1951, when Kansas was runner-up in the tournament. Hal Loe won in 1956, Wilt Chamberlain of Kansas in 1957, Elgin Baylor of Seattle in 1958 and Jerry West of West Virginia in 1959. Kansas, Seattle and West Virginia all came in second.

? *What was the biggest margin of victory for a team in a championship game?*

• Ohio State beat California by 20 points (75-55) in 1960. Indiana defeated Kansas by 18 points (60-42) in 1940, and Kansas beat St. John's by 17 points (80-63) in 1952. L. A. Sells scored the most points in a title game when it beat Bradley 92-76 in 1954.

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SCORECARD

TROUBLE AT THE SUMMIT

Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson's announcement that he intends to fight Sonny Liston this summer was made before his advisers had won consent to what they regard as a most important clause. Patterson's negotiators are insisting on a firm return-about guarantee if he should lose—the kind of agreement that enabled him to win back the title from Ingemar Johansson. They want Liston to put \$150,000 (which he doesn't have) in escrow before the signing and they want an additional healthy sum tied up from Liston's purse at the signing.

In addition, Liston is going through the throes of corporate reorganization intended to erase the stain of Gangster Blinky Palermo's participation in his career. A new manager is being readied. When this manager is approved by the Pennsylvania boxing commission, plans are to cut up Sonny this way: Liston is to get 50% of his purses less expenses; Jack Nilon (new manager) 33%; Lawyer Mort Witkin (also Blinky's lawyer on occasion) 10%; and Trainer Willie Reddish 6%. As for Georgie Katz, the original all-is-aboveboard manager, to whom Liston no longer speaks, his 10% is to come off the top until his contract expires.

When the financial finagling is finished it will be a pleasure to contemplate the fight, the most attractive heavyweight title match since the days of Joe Louis. The only thing we don't like about it is a persistent suspicion that Blinky Palermo, now at large on \$100,000 bail from his federal conspiracy conviction, will somehow manage to profit from it.

CLIPPING WING

UCLA Football Coach Bill Barnes is junking the single wing and will go exclusively with the T formation next season, thus ending the long reign of the "glory system" inaugurated by the late Red Sanders 14 years ago. Lack of good tailbacks, the key to the successful single wing, is the reason offered by Barnes for the switch. "We have passers and we

have runners," Assistant Coach Dan Peterson said, "but damn few who can do both."

Barnes is merely following a pattern. One by one, the good teams have dropped the old-fashioned single-wing offense for the slicker T. Old-fashioned or no, we're sorry to see it go, especially from a team that produced such as Kenny Washington and Jackie Robinson. And we're going to miss those games between teams using entirely different offenses. At least the single wing still survives at Tennessee, where General Neyland popularized it and would, presumably, defend it with his life.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS

Some of the football prestige of the University of Maryland came from the feats of the brothers Modzelewski, known as Big Mo and Little Mo. Big Mo (Ed) was an All-America fullback and Little Mo (Dick) made All-American as a tackle, then went on to the New York Giants.

Now there is another Modzelewski brother in football, though not at Maryland. This one, Eugene Daniel Modzelewski, chose New Mexico State University because, as he put it: "If I went to Maryland I'd be following two All-America brothers. At New Mexico State I'm just another guy and I'll be making it on my own."

And what do they call Eugene Daniel, last of the Modzelewski brothers?

They call him No Mo.

CHAMPION'S BROTHER

Ernest Hemingway's brother Leicester, 16 years younger than Papa, hunted and fished with his big brother and listened to him. His book of recollections and observations, *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* (World, \$4.95), contains much on Hemingway the sportsman as well as other aspects of an active, creative, daring life.

He is shown as an expert big game fisherman and a boxer out to win without courtesy. There is some material on his hunting enthusiasm (though little on bullfighting).

About boxing, Hemingway admonished his brother: "You don't have to be a good sport when you box. You only have to be a good opponent." He enjoyed the weekly fights in Key West when he lived there, but he hated fights. One night when a low blow caused the heavy favorite to sink his knees, Hemingway leaped into the ring and grabbed the fouler by the ear. Ernest said something to him, something rather harsh, we may assume. Whatever it was, it caused the offender to leap toward the center of the ring yelling, "He was fouled; I fouled him."

Hemingway was similarly outraged by bad hunting tactics, bad fishing technique, dirty war methods and, most especially, bad writing.

COLD NIGHT IN OJO CALIENTE

There usually isn't much excitement in Ojo Caliente, a tiny village in northern New Mexico. You can take a hot sulphur bath at the hotel or watch television at the cantina, and that's about it. So when State Senator Albert Amador heard about donkey basketball, he arranged for a game at the school gymnasium. He sold lots of tickets, and a good crowd turned out. The teams (whose



members volunteered to ride the donkeys) were suited up and ready, and everyone was in a festive mood.

Time for the game came, but the donkeys did not arrive. The crowd did a lot of visiting; everyone was patient, because things do not always start on time in Ojo Caliente. After a while Senator Amador called the state police. They found that a truck carrying nine donkeys and a Shetland pony—all dressed in heavy rubber shoes suitable for gym floors—had left Los Lunas, scene of another game. The crowd waited; the players stood dejected like 10 half-dressed

continued

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SCORECARD continued

Don Quixotes. Some spectators bided time at the cantina.

Senator Amador drove to Espanola and joined forces with the state police. Together they found the truck in a parking lot. The donkeys and pony were awake and sober; the two drivers were asleep and *may borracho*. When awakened, they explained that the truck had broken down and they had had a few drinks while they worked on it. The weather was very cold. Pretty soon neither truck nor drivers were in any condition to proceed. They were taken to the Espanola jail so that they would not freeze.

Senator Amador phoned the crowd in Ojo Caliente. Everyone agreed that it was a cold night. Things like that can happen. Everyone was happy that the donkeys and the pony were all safe, and could imagine the sight of those heavy rubber shoes. Mary talked the whole affair over in the cantina. It sure was a cold night, even in Ojo Caliente.

Senator Amador promised to refund all the tickets. Nobody asked the teams to play basketball without the donkeys, so the boys got dressed, and they did not mind. If there's anything more exciting than the arrival of donkey basketball, it is the nonarrival. The senator probably didn't lose a single vote.

All in all, it was one of the most exciting evenings Ojo Caliente has had in long time.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• The American Football League wants to make Miami's Orange Bowl the site of a 1963 all-star game with the Canadian League. The game is tentatively set for the second Sunday in January.

• Unlikely as it sounds, Princeton has the best freshman basketball player in the country. He is Bill Bradley of Crystal City, Mo., a sturdy 6 feet 6, who will take over the mantle of Jerry Lucas and Oscar Robertson next season. He tops his frosh squad with 30 points a game, sets up plays and leads in rebounds and assists.

GOING UP

In 1958 Bobby Fischer met 20 high-powered contenders for the chess championship of the world and finished in a tie for fifth place—which was considered remarkable only because Bobby was then a 16-year-old high school sophomore.

At 17 Bobby dropped out of school

and spent most of his time in international chess tournaments. Viewed unsparingly, he didn't do very well. In four years, during which he competed steadily, tenaciously and sometimes with little objective reason for confidence, he failed to win a single international tournament. Once he finished 16th among 20 entries, many of them unknown. He concentrated on beating the leaders and big names, while failing to beat players far down in the standing.

But last fall there were signs that Bobby was maturing to a steady, balanced view of the whole field: in a major tournament in Bled, Yugoslavia he did not lose a game, though he finished second to Mikhail Tal in the standings. And last week in Stockholm, Bobby gave indisputable proof that he has reached a new stage in his career. He wiped up the field of 23 superlative chess masters in the next-to-the-last stage of the elimination to decide who is to play Russia's Mikhail Botvinnik for the championship of the world. He did not lose a game, led the tournament from the start and more than held his own with the trio of powerful Russians—Tigran Petrosian, Efim Geller and Victor Korchnoi—who had walloped him in the past. Bobby not only won first place (along with prize money of 1,200 kronor, or \$229.96), he won it dazzlingly, spectacularly, two days before his 19th birthday. Now he goes on to Curaçao, Dutch West Indies, to meet the eight finalists. If Fischer plays as he played in Stockholm, Botvinnik will not be champion of the world much longer.

AAU SCORES A FEW

The conflict between the AAU and the NCAA has degenerated from reasoned argument to vituperation. Now Olympic Sculler John B. Kelly Jr., an AAU partisan, comes forward to make the best case we have seen for his team. It is not necessarily irrefutable, but it is thoughtful. Kelly contends:

1) The AAU can operate on less than \$175,000 a year, but the many federations that would strip it of power probably would need more than \$75,000 each.

2) Uniformity of rules can best be preserved by a multiple-sports governing body. With separate federations, the rules in some sports might be dangerously at variance with international requirements.

3) "Very often the personal interest of coaches in athletes is in direct conflict with the broad view required of admin-

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

istrators and overseers in a sport."

4) Amateur athletics can best be administered by amateur sportsmen.

5) The AAU Age Group Swimming Program produced virtually every member of the 1960 U.S. Olympic swimming teams, men's and women's.

6) It has been left to the AAU to develop long distance runners and walkers, and to "encourage" meet directors to include such international events as the 400-meter hurdles, the 3,000-meter steeplechase, the hop, step and jump, and the hammer throw in the programs of relay carnivals and conferences.

Kelly does concede that the AAU has begun to make "sweeping changes" as a result of the row. Whatever the outcome of the controversy, the supervision of amateur athletics in this country is clearly going to undergo a radical face-lifting.

THEY SAID IT

• Steve Belko, Oregon basketball coach, discussing 7-foot sophomore center Mel Counts of Oregon State: "He's a real good center, and you could cut him in two and he wouldn't make a bad pair of guards."

• Kyle Rote, describing the ball-carrying prowess of Cleveland's Jimmy Brown: "It's reached a point where our best defensive men run off the field, waving and shouting for joy, 'I touched him, I touched him.'"

• Gus Triandos, the Baltimore Oriole catcher, on managers: "I never liked Paul Richards when he managed us. Always looking down his nose, snickering and all. Big deal. But I liked him better than Casey Stengel. At least Richards was consistent. With Casey you never knew how you stood from one day to the next."

• Los Angeles Dodger Shortstop Maury Wills, leading his teammates through calisthenics at their training camp: "O.K., now, everyone inhale and" (long pause) "dehale."

• Birdie Tebbetts, Milwaukee manager, lamenting the sore shoulder that makes Catcher Del Crandall a question mark for 1962: "That guy has had more physical examinations than the astronauts."

• Les Richter, linebacker of the Los Angeles Rams, on being asked to serve as honorary chairman of Dental Health Week in Los Angeles County: "I can think of no one more deserving of this high office. Do you want me with or without my teeth?"

END

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**Sports
Illustrated**

MARCH 12, 1992

THE BIG



DERBY SCRAMBLE

Jockey Larry Adams on Prego (No. 6) glances over as he beats Ridan to the wire by a neck in last week's Flemingo. The blur at right is unruly Sunrise County, who veered 75 feet across the track, won the race and then lost it on a foul. The full story of the 1962 Kentucky Derby mix-up begins on the next page



Photograph by Ray Fisher

139 HORSES AND NO TRUE FAVORITE

by WHITNEY TOWER

For the first time since 1957, Hialeah's Flamingo Stakes and the Santa Anita Derby were run on the same day last week. Since both these \$100,000, 1 1/4-mile races for 3-year-olds are accepted as major steppingstones to the Kentucky Derby, it was expected that the results would bring into focus the very fuzzy Derby picture. They didn't.

At Santa Anita a favored horse did win. Neil S. McCanthy's Royal Attack overtook another favorite, Fred Hooper's Admiral's Voyage, and won going away in his best effort yet. At Hialeah, however, where Jockey Heriberto Hinojosa insisted on riding like John Wayne, the Flamingo wound up as the most inconclusive Kentucky Derby trial ever.

While Hinojosa eventually got his wild mount, Sunrise County, to the finish line well in front, he was properly disqualified to third position for veering out in the middle of the stretch and taking Ridan part of the way with him. This permitted the long shot Prego, who was wisely held on the inside, to edge Ridan by a neck and wind up the winner of \$88,530 on a foal. A messy show, to say the least. What it portends for the 139 horses nominated for the 88th Ken-

tucky Derby on May 5 is one of history's most confusing marches to Churchill Downs. And because everyone is going to think that this has become the year of the long shot, the starting Derby field may be of cavalry proportions. The 1928 record of 22 starters could even be surpassed.

The confusion also has been compounded by the temporary inactivity of several horses whose chances range from excellent to questionable. First of these, of course, is Sir Gaylord, who beat Ridan and Crimson Satan in the Bahamas (see cover). He has been on the sidelines with an ankle injury since he won the Everglades so convincingly last month. Another is Decidedly, who missed the Flamingo because of a slight attack of colic. Still another is Donut King, whose various ailments have kept him from racing since his second-place finish to Crimson Satan in last fall's Garden State. Donut King is scheduled to ship from California to New York this week and will work toward a starting stall at Churchill Downs via the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 21.

In winning on the Coast, Royal Attack finally justified the high hopes that so many California horsemen held for

HOW TO SEE THROUGH THE MUDDLE

FOR SIR GAYLORD (4-1)

Convincing three-time winner this year over Florida fields including Ridan, Decidedly and Flamingo winner Prego.

ROYAL ATTACK (8-1)

Superbly bred on both sides, Santa Anita Derby winner has overcome his habit of getting into traffic-jam trouble.

RIDAN (6-1)

Has tremendous speed; when rated, as in the Flamingo, he even impressed some who had felt he was only a sprinter.

ENDYMION (10-1)

In hands of thorough George D. Widener stable but so far has shown only occasional signs of classic ability.

PREGO (12-1)

His Flamingo victory was only his best in 20 starts. Framed by able Tom Waller, who has stakes-winning Ambrosepe.

AGAINST

Training interrupted by minor ankle injury. Must regain top winter form in time for Kentucky Derby work schedule.

Occasionally loses, when he shouldn't, because he takes turns too wide or hangs when close to the lead.

If allowed to run, his speed usually finishes him too soon. Most Nantallah-breds appear to lack stamina.

Even if he wins this week's Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds, he will not be beating anything of proven class.

Best efforts so far not good enough against class. Has to be whipped constantly to keep his mind on racing business.

FOR

SUNRISE COUNTY (12-1)

His sire, Summer Tan, once ranked just behind champions Nashua and Swaps. Has genuine potential off his 1961 form.

ADMIRAL'S VOYAGE (11-1)

Plenty of speed on both sides of pedigree. Is always dangerous at nine furlongs, has a good rider in Braslio Boeza.

CICADA (18-1)

Best 3-year-old filly in U.S., a Derby candidate only if stablemate Sir Gaylord doesn't make it back in time to run.

DECIDEDLY (15-1)

Beautiful-striding son of Derby winner Determiner, has been brought along slowly and should take to distance racing.

CRIMSON SATAN (20-1)

Showed best distance potential of his division last fall. May need Kentucky air to stop his Florida losing streak.

AGAINST

Symptoms of an injury could have caused his recent Flamingo wildness. If not hurt, he still must overcome rankness.

Had no excuse in losing Santa Anita Derby and probably isn't going to relish the task of going a greater distance.

Filles must be very special to beat colts at Derby distance in May. So far only one, Regret (1915), has done it.

Colic, which kept him from Flamingo, can have weakening effect. Has yet to prove he is as good as a fit Sir Gaylord.

Although his owners think he suffers from a respiratory ailment, his problem may be the Spy Song in his pedigree.

him after he won four of his seven starts last year. In his earlier stakes races this winter Royal Attack often appeared to be the best horse in the field but just as often had one excuse or another for losing. Last week, under his new trainer, Buddy Hirsch (the highly capable son of veteran King Ranch Trainer Max Hirsch), everything worked to perfection for him. The handsome horse in a bulky field of 15, this chestnut son of Royal Charger out of the Bull Lea mare Dragons permitted Eight Bull and Admiral's Voyage to set the early pace. He coasted up the backstretch in third position under the patient guidance of Eddie Burns. But when Admiral's Voyage tried to increase his narrow lead in the turn for home, Burns cut loose with Royal Attack. Although his winning margin was less than a length, he was drawing out at the wire. Throughout the last half mile of the race it appeared that this good colt could have gone to the front whenever Burns wanted him to and won by several lengths.

Royal Attack, purchased from Leslie Combs for \$28,500 as a yearling at the Keeneland sales, is owned by one of the shrewdest horsemen in California. McCarthy commented after the race, "I wouldn't say that I've ever had a better 3-year-old." This is high praise indeed from a man who, as turf adviser to the late Louis B. Mayer, once increased the value of that movie magnate's racing holdings by \$3 million in three years.

For the others in the Santa Anita Derby there is really not a great deal to say and no point in offering excuses. Ad-

miral's Voyage simply ran out of gas the way his stablemate Crozer did a year ago. Sir Ribot, Doc Jockey and Drill Site all ran fairly respectably. A few weeks ago there appeared to be little class on the West Coast. Now, at least, we have Royal Attack, and in two months he will try to become the fourth horse (after Hill Gail, Determine and Swaps) to follow up a Santa Anita Derby triumph with victory in Kentucky.

If any of the first three finishers in the Flamingo—Sunrise County, Prego or Rudan—win in Kentucky it would be truly remarkable. A fit Sir Gaylord could easily beat any of them. Prego, an Ambion colt out of a Count Fleet mare, won only because of Hinojosa's awful mistake. Instructed to bring Sunrise County from off the pace, Hinojosa suddenly found himself on the lead and made up his mind to steal the race. But as the field curved into the stretch Sunrise County started to bear out. Charging at a 45° angle toward the outside fence, he left the rail open to anyone. Prego turned out to be that lucky anyone. Later Hinojosa told the stewards, "I had two choices: to pull up or to go on and take a shot at the money. I decided to take a shot at the money." The stewards decided to take a shot at Hinojosa. They suspended him for 15 days.

Below are 20 of the likeliest Derby candidates and their latest odds. Bets with Tony Alessio's Future Book must be made in person, not by telephone or mail. Figuring a way to get the money to Caliente may be difficult; but figuring the winner of this year's Derby may be even tougher.

Of the 139 horses nominated for the 1982 Kentucky Derby, these are the 20 with the best chance. The odds were set this week by Caliente's Future Book

FOR	AGAINST	FOR	AGAINST
GRAD AHEAD (20-1) Any son of Turn-to always has a chance, and if he happens to be a half brother to Bold Eagle so much the better.	Some sons of Turn-to (Sir Gaylord and Hat to Reason) have had leg trouble, and this one may have it, too.	SIR RIBOT (30-1) Trainer Frank Childs won Derby in 1959 with Tony Lee and thinks this colt, by a truly great racer, may be even better.	Set back by a broken bone in left forefoot. His performances have been erratic, and possibly his foot may still be hurting.
BONNY KING (30-1) Another son of Derby winner Determine, he could be any sort when completely sound and fully seasoned.	A ruptured blood vessel in his knee, then an infected heel set him back in training. Now he must go like gangbusters.	FUSS N BOOTS (30-1) Good enough to be fourth in weakened Flamingo field. His future depends on who else keeps dropping from sight.	Has been known to play the part of a cutting horse chasing a loose herd or a show horse learning to jump hedges.
GREEN TICKET (20-1) Great speed is the force of this Traffic Judge colt out of a Citation mare. Has had a long rest this winter.	In this speed era nobody lets another horse run away by himself. The result is that early speed dies in the stretch.	CALGARY BROOK (40-1) By onetime Horse-of-the-Year Tom Fool out of a daughter of the great Miss Grillo, this colt should be a runner.	Like too many prospects, this one makes a habit of suddenly threatening in his races and just as suddenly pooping out.
JOHN WINSLOW (20-1) By Nashua, out of Real Delight, a Calumet colt in the hands of the one-and-only Jimmy Jones.	Stone house kept him from the Flamingo. Has been only so-so against ordinary competition. Must improve very quickly.	DOC JOCKY (40-1) By El Drag, world record holder for seven furlongs, he may yet make a real runner. His dam gives him some stamina blood.	In good position throughout Santa Anita Derby, he backed punch in the stretch where he will need it from now on.
OREY (20-1) Third in The Garden State, this Nashua colt stakes his 1982 debut soon. Trainer Arnold Wineck is aiming for Derby.	Freshening may be better than seasoning for some horses, but this one has much catching up to do before Churchill Downs.	DRILL SITE (40-1) First horse officially bred by Jeckey Willie Shoemaker is a dark horse for the Derby now, but he is improving fast.	His sire, Imbrose, is not renowned for getting distance runners, and his breeder, Shoo, is not yet dying to ride him.



A SICK GOALIE SAVES CHICAGO

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

Glenn Hall's weak stomach gives him plenty of misery before, during and after Black Hawk games but his strong goaltending has made the defending Stanley Cup champions look healthy

At long last—and it has been long—the National Hockey League's Stanley Cup champions are beginning to play something like championship hockey. Picked by most of the experts at the start of the season to finish in first place (SI, November 6, 1961), James Norris' big, bruising Chicago Black Hawks played through their first 30-odd games as if they didn't want to hurt their opponents' feelings. By the first of the year, they had won only 10 games and scored only 90 goals, the fewest in the league. Perhaps more significantly, in view of their reputation as bruisers, they were lagging far behind the rest of the league in total minutes in the penalty box.

Then, about a month ago, things



the NHL, not only had hit his stride but had developed some sly finesse as well: a shot from the extreme left wing that skidded in on the goal mouth at so shallow an angle that most goalkeepers relaxed before it came, believing that Bobby had skated past a shooting position. By last week Hull had pulled ahead of Detroit's Gordie Howe and was only two points behind league-leading Andy Bathgate in scoring. In actual goals (as opposed to goals and assists) he was far ahead of anybody.

Close behind Hall in the point parade were his teammates Hay and Mikita. When Hay, Hull, Mikita and the rest of the Hawks are playing as a team, as they have been recently, they are virtually unstoppable. But much of the time, particularly in the early months, they played like five strangers scrambling for the pot in a crap game when the cops walk in. The only thing that has saved them from a fate worse than Boston's during these periods was the virtually impassable fortress in their goal: 30-year-old Glenn Hall, a stoic family man whose major dream is to settle down and raise cattle.

Playing goal for the Chicago Black Hawks is a little like fielding bricks with an eye socket. The big, bruising, fast-skating muscular Hawk forwards are determined to beat the frozen inferno out of any team they can catch; the trouble is they can't always catch them. The result is that while Hawk forwards are milling malignantly around the other fellow's goal looking for somebody to bruise, the other fellow's forwards (particularly if they happen to be the fast-skating Montreal Canadiens) are more than likely at the Chicago end swarming all over Goalie Hall. "Only 10% of goals are the fault of the goalkeeper," he says without rancor. "The rest are the result of mistakes up the ice that let a guy get through to take a shot. The goalkeeper either makes the last mistake or makes the great save that wipes out the other mistakes."

Hall, who leads the league in shut-outs with eight scoreless games to his credit, prefers to make the great save—and generally does—even though the effort makes him actively sick.

"You wouldn't think after all this time," says the goalie, who is now in his seventh full season with the NHL, "that I'd still be so afraid of a bad game I'd

get sick about it." Yet in about three out of every four games, either before the first face-off, during the rest periods or after it's over, Glenn Hall quietly and unobtrusively throws up. "I used to be able to fight off the nausea," he says, "but this year, it's worse than ever." How much strain of this sort can a man take? A lot, apparently. At the end of this regular season Hall will have played three full 20-minute periods in 527 consecutive major league games. Only two other big league players, neither of them goalies, have played in more.

Glenn Hall became a goalie because he was once the midget manager of a midget team and he couldn't get anyone else to take the job. A superbly relaxed, almost languid young man, he gives no evidence off the ice—beyond a face laced with tiny scars—of his tense professional life. The serenely permissive father of three, he doesn't like to push even his children around. One day last week a plan to have 5-year-old Pat Hall's hair cut on his way home from kindergarten was hastily jettisoned because Pat raised a ruckus. "I didn't want to make a scene," explained Pat's father, "so I just took him home."

All play, no practice

Behind Hall's easy malleability, however, lies a flinty sense of self-discipline and a determination to be his own man. Recently someone asked Hall what, if anything, he gets out of practice. "I'm really not supposed to talk about things like that," said the organization man in Hall, but then he talked anyway. "I really don't believe in practice," he said as firmly as an iconoclast entering a church. "It's all right for the players who aren't getting much time on the ice. But when you're playing three or 3½ games a week you don't have much chance to get out of shape."

When he does practice, Hall wears a mask somewhat like that worn by Jacques Plante of the Montreal Canadiens. But he does not wear it in a game. "There's no use getting hurt in practice," he says. "If you're getting paid to take risks, that's a different matter."

The risks that Hall takes are somewhat mitigated by his approach to the game—an approach that is as cerebral as it is reflexive. He is a shrewd analyst of his opponents' styles. "Camille Henry of

continued on page 37

began to change. By last week the Hawks were beating down hard on second-place Toronto, more determined than ever to repeat their last year's victory in the playoffs. Their Sunday-night win over Montreal tied an all-time Hawk record for victories (29) in a single season. As if to prove they meant it, they had once again surged far out in front of the league in penalties (more than an hour over the next team).

Offensively, the Black Hawk rush focused on the scoring of big blond Bobby Hull and the playmaking of centers Bill Hay and Stan Mikita. After a slow start, the 200-pound superstar Hull, whose arms are bigger than Rocky Marciano's and whose shot is the heaviest in





Littles Play It Big

A delicious anxiety, a determination to triumph and, at last, the thrill of accomplishment—these are the stepping-stones to enjoyment of sport. These Philadelphia kids taking their first faltering steps on double-runners and flexible ankles are only early versions of Carol Heiss. One day they, too, will swoop and fly.

continued

Thrills and Triumphs in a Penny Arcade



Coach, manager, fan and athlete, all wrapped up in one small, concentrated parcel, each of these youngsters having fun in a penny arcade in New York's Chinatown is giving his all to the game. Small Casey Stengels or Toe Blakes, they are determined to clinch a pennant (upper right), cop the Stanley Cup (lower right) or bowl a clean strike (above) in the manner of Don Carter.

continued





Sheer Joy of Life in a Shabby Gym

Whether the young catch it from the old or the old from the young is hard to say. All that matters here is that the exuberant essence of all sport bubbles in this dilapidated school gym. With frayed ropes and scarred pipes for equipment, a two-time Olympic gold medalist (1932) named Eddie Tolan creates a wild junior Olympiad for some underprivileged—but still specially privileged—kids in Detroit.



John G. Zeman



THE BUCKS FOR THE TITLE

Basketball's championship is at stake again, and the choice has to be Jerry Lucas and company

by RAY CAVE

It has been nearly a year since that memorable night in Kansas City when Ohio State Basketball Coach Fred Taylor lay miserable and distraught in the bathtub of his suite at the Hotel Muehlebach as if trying to soak away disaster.

Taylor had just seen his fine basketball team, the defending national champion and winner of 32 straight games, lose its title in an overtime to Cincinnati. The defeat had been doubly telling, coming as it did at the hands of a rival Ohio school with which relations are sportingly strained at best and quietly bitter at worst. Fred Taylor does a lot of thinking in the bathtub, and what he was primarily thinking that night, once the shock had worn off, was that it would be so very nice to have another chance at Cincinnati in the finals of a national championship. But it was still awesomely coincidental this week, as the NCAA tournament opened with regional games that will lead to the finals at Louisville, that once again Ohio State has an excellent chance to reach the finals, once again it will be favored, and once again the most likely opponent is the team that plucked Fred Taylor into a tubful of hot water, the University of Cincinnati.

If these teams should reach the finals—and, indeed, Cincinnati is not even sure of getting into the tournament at all yet, for it must beat a stubborn Bradley team in a conference playoff—they

will both be stronger than they were a year ago. Until last Saturday's upset by Wisconsin, Ohio State was the only undefeated major team in the country. It had won 22 straight games without being severely tested. Never had its winning margin been below eight points. Only once had it been behind at half time. Its success had become so routine that fans around Columbus were almost bored by game results.

In Jerry Lucas, the wonder man of college basketball, the Buckeyes have the country's best shot. He is sinking 65% of his field-goal attempts, a figure no other player even approaches. He is the second leading rebounder in the country, and Ohio State is the national leader in terms rebounding. The shooting average of the whole team is a withering 50%, and one reason for this is the rebounding. "When those fellows shoot they are relaxed," said UCLA Coach John Wooden last week. "You'd be relaxed, too, if you knew Lucas was there to throw the rebound into the basket if you happen to miss."

Lucas is having his best year, and so are the other two returning starters, John Havlicek and Mel Nowell. Havlicek is a bounding 6-foot-5 forward who regularly guards the opposition's best shooter and consistently harasses that poor unfortunate into inept submission. Nowell, a guard, continues to be a

continued

EIGHT OF THE TOURNAMENT'S BEST

OHIO STATE



JERRY LUCAS

Rip Ten
W 32 L 1

Coach: Fred Taylor

Ranked No. 1 in the country all season, OSU combines a fast offense with excellent defense. It will break if permitted. Otherwise it quickly sets up plays around Lucas, who would rather feed teammates than shoot. The cat hurt team when rest of the attack is off.

WAKE FOREST



LEN CHAPPELL

Atlantic Coast
W 16 L 0

Coach: Gene McKinney

A big team, averaging 6 feet 8 in the forecourt, the Deacons prefer to use a deliberate offense that lets its tall men get set for rebounds. Chappell, a very strong forward, is averaging 21 points a game. The team uses a variety of defenses, but leans to the man-to-man.

UCLA



JOHN GREEN

AAWCU
W 15 L 0

Coach: John Wooden

Consistent scoring from Green at one guard and excellent passing and floor leadership from Walt Hazzard at other guard give UCLA well-balanced fast-break attack. Determined rebounding by the whole team makes up for lack of height. The biggest problem is a weak bench.

KENTUCKY



COTTON NASH

Southwestern
W 23 L 2

Coach: Adolph Rupp

Wildcat strength lies in the team's ability to execute Rupp's simple but disciplined patterns. Offense is built around high-scoring Nash in pivot, while Larry Purcell adds good outside shooting. Defense is overwhelming and team can be upset by slowdown tactics.

OREGON STATE



MEL COUNTS

Independent
W 30 L 4

Coach: Edie Gill

Team likes to break fast, with Counts, a 7-footer, getting rebounds that permit running offense. Guards, especially football star Terry Baker, who quarterback offense, try to drive up the middle. Outside shooting is poor and defenses which clog the middle cause trouble.

NCAA Championship Pairings

EAST REGIONALS

WAKE FOREST
YALE

Philadelphia, March 12

MASSACHUSETTS
RYU

Philadelphia, March 12

WEST VIRGINIA
VILLANOVA

Philadelphia, March 12

MID-ATLANTIC CHAMPION
College Park, Md., March 16

College Park, March 17

College Park, Md., March 16

Semifinals

Louisville, March 23

MIDEAST REGIONALS

BOWLING GREEN
BUTLER

Lexington, Ky., March 12

WESTERN KENTUCKY
DETROIT

Lexington, Ky., March 12

KENTUCKY
Iowa City, March 16

Iowa City, March 17

Iowa City, March 16
DRUID STATE

MIDWEST REGIONALS

SOUTHWEST CHAMPION
AIR FORCE

Dallas, March 12

CREIGHTON
MEMPHIS STATE

Dallas, March 12

BIG EIGHT CHAMPION
Manhattan, Kans., March 16

Manhattan, March 17

Manhattan, Kans., March 16
MISSOURI VALLEY CHAMPION

Semifinals

Louisville, March 23

WEST REGIONALS

OREGON STATE
SEATTLE

Corvallis, Ore., March 13

ARIZONA STATE
UTAH STATE

Corvallis, Ore., March 13

PEPPERDINE
Provo, Utah, March 16

Provo, March 17

Provo, Utah, March 16
BYU



FINALS

Louisville, March 24

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HARMONAIRE



THE BUCKS

streaky scorer, as he was last year, but his bad nights are no longer quite so bad and his good ones are even better. The big change in the Ohio State team, however, is the development of a strong bench. OSU's little-known and much overshadowed sophomores played significant roles in games the Buckeyes might well have lost. There are five of them on the squad, all between 6 feet 4 and 6 feet 8, and they are the second best group of sophomores the school has ever had. (Lucas' class was the best.) One of them, sharp-elbowed Gary Bradds, is a capable substitute for Lucas, something the team needed badly last year. He has, incidentally, made 35 of the 48 shots he has attempted. "They are a lot more than a mop-up crew," says Taylor of his new reserve strength.

In spite of its traditionally fast and high-scoring offense, defense and depth are the strengths of this team. If it is to be beaten in the NCAA, it will lose on a night when its offense fails to move and cut with the verve it normally displays. This happens occasionally, sometimes for two or three games in a row. "Ginning around," Fred Taylor calls it with dismay.

Ohio State had best limit its ginning around in the NCAA or it won't make the finals, for it is seeded in the eastern half of the NCAA draw (see chart on page 25) where the overall level of com-

petition looks toughest. It should have no trouble with the winner of the Western Kentucky-Detroit game, which will most likely be Western Detroit has won only three road games this season. In the quarter-finals, however, the Buckeyes may well meet Kentucky, a team that would present a tougher problem.

Rupp, Nash and trouble

Runner-up in the SEC to Mississippi State, whose policy of not competing against Negroes forced it to pass up the tournament, Kentucky is an unexpectedly good team. It has three stars: Cotton Nash, a sophomore who plays any position and handles the ball like an NBA guard; Larry Pursiful, a major threat from outside if he recovers from a wrenched shoulder; and Adolph Rupp, the cahny coach who almost seems to make points himself when his players can't. Kentucky has a 20-2 record, even though Nash, who is under 6 feet 6, is the team's biggest man. Bowling Green, a likely victor over a beautifully disciplined but too-small Butler team, is expected to use its height to give Kentucky a tussle in the second round before succumbing to its own defensive weaknesses. That would set up the Kentucky-OSU match, a glamorous battle of traditional powers, though the realities don't give Kentucky much hope. "Ohio State has a one-two-three punch," says Adolph Rupp. "We are lucky to have a one-two punch." Still, Rupp is just the man to

continued

ARIZONA STATE



LARRY ARMSTRONG

Senior
W 22 L 5
Coach: Ned Wulk

WEST VIRGINIA



EDG TIDEN

Junior
W 34 L 6
Coach: George King

BOWLING GREEN



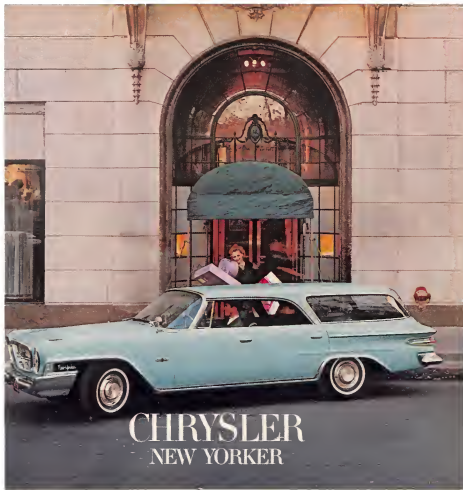
NATE THORMON

Mid-American
W 22 L 3
Coach: Harold Anderson

With an explosive fast break, led by Armstrong, the Sun Devils have averaged 90.8 points per game, second highest in the country. Their greatest asset is depth, which wears down opponents. Defense sometimes falters, but sturdy rebounding makes up for lapses.

Injuries have hampered this team. Then, the key man in attack, is healthy again, but fellow Guard Jim McCormick may not be ready. Both a fast break and a tight man-to-man defense are used to fire fires. Will go to a full-court press, even when ahead, *assessprizewagon*

The conference's strongest entry in years, BG uses a pattern offense to set up screens for outside set shots by its accurate guard, Howard Kestives, and closer jump shots by Thormon, a 6-foot-9 center who rebounds well. Team speed is only average, and bench is weak.



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take advantage of the slightest failure in the OSU offense. If there is no such failure, State should sweep the backboards and go on into the semifinals at Louisville.

There it will meet the winner of the eastern regionals. Wake Forest has one of the poorest records of the seven eastern teams (18-8) but has built up tremendous momentum while winning 11 of its last 12. All-American Len Chappell, a 6-foot-8 strongman with an incongruously delicate shooting touch, is being used primarily at forward, while 6-foot-11 Bob Woodland plays center. Guard Billy Packor, who must score if Wake Forest is to succeed, is averaging 13 points per game by making 46% of his shots. His shooting has improved significantly in recent games. One of Wake's weaknesses is lack of speed, and midcourt pressure bothers this team. Both Villanova and West Virginia like to apply such pressure, but Villanova has tailed off badly in recent weeks and injuries are still hurting West Virginia's frontie, free-lance attack. Both NYU and St. Joseph's (if the latter wins its conference) could cause trouble, too, but Wake Forest is the best bet in the East.

A semifinal match between Ohio State and Wake Forest would be a replay of a December 9 contest that proved to be such a traumatic experience for the Southerners that it almost ruined their season. Trounced by 22 points on their own floor, they lost their next three, then four more on a January road trip. The Deacons would dearly love to redeem themselves, but the same Ohio State fast break which beat them before should do it again.

The western half of the tournament is ruled by no such prohibitive favorite. In the Midwest the Air Force, Creighton and Memphis State are outclassed, though the last brings prestige to the tournament, the second a flakable underdog and the third a good record (15-6). Four of the big conference races are yet to be settled. A crucial one is the Missouri Valley, where Cincinnati is favored to beat a weakened Bradley team in a playoff at Evansville March 12. This could put the Bearcats into a quarterfinal game against Kansas State on that team's home floor on March 17, assuming that Kansas State, which has been ranked third or fourth nationally almost since the season began, can defeat Colorado in the Big Eight. Kansas State is the team most likely to give Cincinnati early

continued

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THE BUCKS continued

tournament trouble, but the Bearcats beat them last year under much the same circumstances.

This year, like Ohio State, Ed Jucker's Cincinnati champions have improved. They have more height, thanks to two sophomore forwards, 6-foot-8 George Wilson and 6-foot-5 Ron Bonham. In addition, Bonham is a good outside shot who can break a game open. Center Paul Hogue, who played so well against Lucas last year, is showing a bit more finesse, though he has not scored well lately. The team's primary weakness is at one guard position, where Tom Thacker, a transplant forward, is still not confident and at ease. Pressing defenses have bothered Cincinnati and sometimes have forced Coach Jucker to move Thacker back to forward and bring in a better ball handler at guard. It is worth remembering that Ohio State has an excellent press.

Even match in the West

Should Cincinnati get to the semifinals, it will meet the winner of a scintillating set of games in the West. The four best teams there, UCLA, Arizona State, Oregon State and Seattle, are similar and evenly matched. Each likes to run with all the determination of Little Eva crossing the ice, and each finds the going slippery if it gets slowed down. Utah State, the Skyline representative because conference winner Utah is ineligible, looks too dogged and slow to thwart Arizona State. Arizona State, in turn, must contend with the West's biggest surprise, UCLA, which impressively defeated three presumably better teams in the Big Five. The Bruins now have the momentum, and in a "take your choice" situation, momentum alone could take them past Arizona State and most likely Oregon State en route to Louisville, where Cincinnati would be a big semifinal hurdle. Too big, in fact.

Who, then, would win a dream game finale between Cincinnati and Ohio State? The two starting sophomores, Bonham and Wilson, detract just a shade from the Bearcat defense, and that little problem at guard is unresolved. Meanwhile, Ohio State has had a year to brood about its offensive difficulty against Cincinnati in the 1961 finals. It isn't likely to fall in with Cincinnati's slow-down style of play and lose that way again. Fred Taylor should be smiling in his bathtub after this one.

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Photographed at Grand Bahama Hotel, fishing paradise on Grand Bahama Island

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HARD KNOCKS OR GLORY

At odd, exalted moments of the night we are all champions of the world. The Golden Gloves, the world's largest and most celebrated amateur boxing tournament, is the tangible pursuit of this dream. Initiated in 1927 by the New York "Daily News," Golden Gloves competition is held each winter in 50 cities with more than 10,000 hopeful boxers taking part. For some, like Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson,

the prize is more than a miniature golden glove adorned with a little diamond, a gaudy robe; it is a golden opportunity to show skill or savagery, to find acclaim and recognition. To these few it is the opening of the first door. For most, however, like the kids on the following pages, it is only a brief, tumultuous encounter with the hard knocks of reality, the poignant and abrupt death of a dream —and free carfare home.

The old face has been through it. The young face is learning how

Photographs by Mark Kaufman



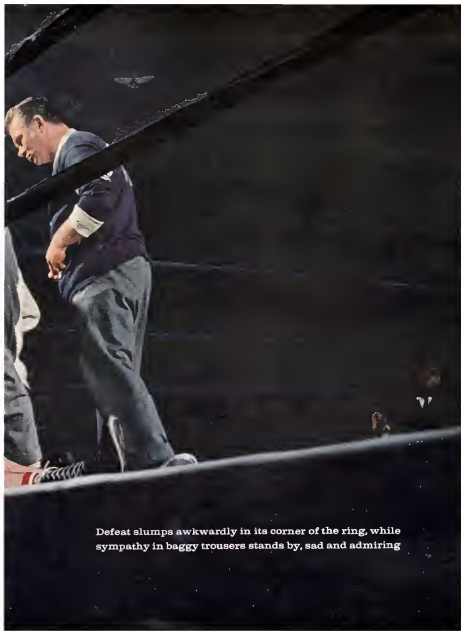


Ambition sometimes outweighs the flesh. This incongruously thin boxer succumbs inevitably to more solid bone and muscle









Defeat slumps awkwardly in its corner of the ring, while sympathy in baggy trousers stands by, sad and admiring

All things seem possible in the glorious moment before the bell





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JIMMIE FINDS A PLACE TO POP OFF

Jimmie Dykes put down his cigar and put on his eighth major league uniform in Bradenton, Fla. the other day and thus became the longest-running one-man show now performing in organized baseball. He reported at the training camp of the Milwaukee Braves to serve as a member of Manager Birdie Tebbets' coaching staff, a step down from the managerial status he held at Cleveland last season, but not—by the grace of Birdie—a stepping-out from the game in which he has been loudly active without interruption since 1916.

It was the second time that Dykes' longtime friend had decided that the show must go on. In 1955 there seemed to be no demand for Dykes' services in either major league. He sat out spring training at home in Norristown, Pa. and finally agreed, over the telephone, to become a baseball announcer for a television station in Philadelphia. A few minutes after he had accepted the announcing job, the phone rang again. It was Tebbets asking if he'd like to coach at Cincinnati. Dykes accepted promptly, called in his resignation as a television performer and hastened to join Birdie, with whom he served four seasons, finishing the last one as temporary manager when Birdie was fired in August.

Dykes arrived in Bradenton by way of Garmisch (Germany), Paris, London and a final fling at the poker table in the men's bar of Philadelphia's Bala Golf Club. He had been abroad helping conduct baseball clinics for the Air Force; he had been at the poker table at Bala almost every other waking hour during the winter, a pleasurable and sometimes profitable activity that he considered to be well worth the 35-mile round-trip drive from his home.

Locker room atmosphere, at golf clubs and ball parks, thick with his own cigar smoke and heavy-handed masculine humor, suits Dykes at age 63 as well as it did when he became the bush-league property of the Philadelphia Athletics in 1916. One day recently, just before leaving for Florida, he showed up at his club with a guest and introduced him around as a man from the FBI. There was no reason for anyone to doubt the visitor's identity and he was received respectfully. Dykes posted him behind a poker-playing fellow member, Mike Tierno, with instructions to stare steadily at Tierno for a time and then ask him,

continued



Starting his 47th season, Jimmie Dykes, one of the noisiest guys in baseball, joins his eighth major league club and plans to work as hard (and talk as loud) as ever **by GERALD HOLLAND**

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A RID BY JIMMIE sends Mike Tierno up bar for solace and to escape further embarrassing questioning by a man who wasn't from the FBI. Gapper Dykes (center) breaks up.

POP-OFF GUY continued

"Sir, do you keep a record of your winnings at cards?" This had the effect of completely unnerving Mr. Tierno, who cried out, "I never win!" as he threw in his hand and rushed to the bar to compose himself.

That same afternoon, Bing Miller, the great outfielder of the old A's, dropped in and pulled a chair up to the poker table. He had brought Dykes a hat, a duplicate of his own, which Jimmie had admired while lunching at The Tavern in nearby Bala-Cynwyd. Bing puts in three or four hours a day there, acting as greeter and glad-hander for the propensities, Jack Everhart.

"Would you say, Bing," asked a club member, "that Jimmie here was the greatest infielder in baseball when he was in his prime?"

"Why," said Bing, speaking slowly and choosing his words carefully, "I'd say that in his prime, at his peak, during his best days with the Athletics, Jimmie Dykes was the worst infielder of all time. The only way he could field a ball was to knock it down with his chest."

The interrogator nodded solemnly. "Am I to infer, then," he said, taking a sip from his glass, "that Dykes's great reputation in baseball stems from his cunning as a manager, his mastery of baseball strategy, the lightning-fast workings of his steel-trap mind?"

"As a manager," said Bing, "Dykes established a new low. He was so bad that Mr. William O. DeWitt of the Detroit Tigers went to Mr. Frank Lane of the Cleveland Indians and got down on his knees and begged Mr. Lane to take Dykes off his hands. Mr. Lane can't stand tears and so, as you know, he

swapped Joe Gordon for Dykes. It was the only time in baseball history that a manager got bad enough to be traded."

Dykes puffed on his cigar butt and drew another cigar from his pocket to light from it.

"Speaking of smart baseball men," Miller continued, "I consider William O. DeWitt to be the outstanding genius of the game today."

"Well," said a poker player, "he won a pennant at Cincinnati."

Bing Miller nodded. "When he got rid of Dykes, it was the turning point of his career."

Dykes tapped the ashes from his cigar. "Miller," he said, "this hat you brought me. I think I'll return it to you with a suggestion."

Miller got up and leaned over and punched Dykes on the shoulder. "Have a good season, Jimmie," he said. "I'll see you when the Braves are in town. I've got to get to work now."

"Work!" growled Dykes. "You call that work you're doing over at The Tavern?"

Bing turned at the door. "It's not what I do that makes me valuable to Jack Everhart," he said. "It's my drawing power. People like to eat at a place where they can meet a celebrity."

Miller was gone before Dykes could say anything more. He concentrated on his poker hand, bet, raised and lost.

"That Miller," said Mike Tierno, returning from the bar and sitting down at the table. "I understand he collects better than \$500 a month as a baseball pension."

Dykes nodded.

"I guess, Jimmie," said Tierno, "you'll be collecting a nice check when you finally quit the game."

continued



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POP-OFF GUY

"I won't collect a dime," said Dykes, "except social security. I'm eligible for that right now. But there's some technicality that keeps me from getting a baseball pension. Managers weren't covered until recently. You'd think a guy with 45, 46 years in organized ball would get something."

"Why don't you take it up with the commissioner's office?" said Tierno.

"I spoke to Charley Segar, Frick's assistant, one time," Dykes said, "and he said he'd look into it. I don't know about the commissioner's office. I think maybe somebody up there hates me. I've always been a pop-off guy and some things I've said didn't make a hit with Mr. Frick, I guess."

"Speaking of popping off," said the man who was supposed to be from the FBI, "what happens when a guy who has been popping off as manager—as you were at Cleveland last year—steps down to coaching for a fellow like Birdie Tebbetts, who does a little popping off himself now and then?"

"The manager does the talking for the ball club. Milwaukee is Birdie's club. I'll take my orders from him and I'll keep my trap shut about the team where newspapermen are concerned."

"You've known Birdie a long time."

"Birdie and I go way back. I tried to get him when I was managing the White Sox and he was catching for Detroit in '39, but they wouldn't let him go. We understand each other. I used to ride hell out of him from the bench. I'd mimic his voice. He would get a very red *derrière*, as the French say, about that."

"No use asking you," said the fake FBI agent, "who was the greatest man you ever met in baseball."

"Mr. Mack," said Dykes, "was in a class by himself. There'll never be another one like him."

"You always called him Mr. Mack?"

"Always."

"I understand he never did use bad language."

"Never," said Dykes. He stared at his hand and threw in some chips. "Well," he said slowly, "there was one time. The team was in a terrible slump. Mr. Mack

continued



DISDAINFUL DYKES casts a fishy eye on lobster offered for his approval by his old friend and teammate, Bing Miller, who is chief greeter at a Main Line eating place.



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called the coaches into his office for a meeting. Mickey Cochrane, Bing Miller and myself. He said he was worried about the club and he had tried hard to figure out what was wrong with it. Then he didn't say anything for a minute. Finally, he spoke up again and said he had come to the conclusion that the boys were overindulging in *affaires d'amour*, as the French say. Mr. Mack did not speak French."

"What did you coaches say to that?"
 "We were shocked," Dykes said. "We didn't say anything right away. Finally, I said, 'Do you mean at home, Mr. Mack?' Mr. Mack shook his head. 'No, Jimmie,' he said, 'On trips.'"

A chin is for tagging

"How about Ty Cobb?" someone asked. "You played with him after he was traded to the A's from Detroit. Just how tough was Ty?"

"The first words I ever had with Ty was when he was with Detroit and I picked him off second on a throw from Mickey Cochrane. Ty dove back for the bag, but he was out by a foot. He got up and dusted himself off and stuck his nose in my face. He said, 'I'll be back, kid.' I looked him right in the eye and said, 'I'll be here. Mr. Cobb.'"

"What would you do in the old days when a guy like Cobb came into second with his spikes high?"

"Why," said Dykes, lighting a fresh cigar, "I'd tag him gently but firmly on the chin."

"Gene Kelly, the announcer, tells a story about Pepper Martin and you in the 1931 World Series. Martin stole five bases, didn't he?"

Dykes nodded.

"The way Kelly tells it, Pepper came diving into you at third base and you gave him the ball square on the skull. Old Pepper, the story goes, got up and walked away without a word. But in later years Pepper said that incident never happened at all."

"The hell it didn't," said Dykes. "It happened just that way, and Pepper can deny it all he wants to." He examined his cigar. "I always liked old Pepper."

"Who were some of the other baseball characters you've always liked?"

"Stengel," Dykes said. "I like old Case, love to needle him. I'll have a lot of opportunity now that we're both in the National League. Ted Williams is a great guy. When I was signed to man-

age Cleveland for a full year after that Mister William O. DeWitt swapped me to Frank Lane for Gordon, Williams sent me a wire saying, 'It couldn't happen to a better guy.' He just signed it, 'No. 9. I don't save many things, but I've saved that wire.'"

Dykes thought a while, winning a pot for a change.

"I like Frank Lane," said Dykes. "He always leveled with me. As I was telling the Air Force boys overseas, nobody ever had to wonder what Frank was thinking. All you had to do was buy a newspaper and there it would be."

"Jimmie," said Mike Tierno, "all the guys you like are pop-offs like you."

Dykes looked at his watch. It was near 6 and it was his habit to start home about that time when the highway traffic began to thin out a little.

"Maybe so," he said to Tierno, getting up and reaching for his coat, beckoning to his guest, the man who wasn't from the FBI. He reached into his coat pocket and drew out what surely must have been his 15th cigar of the day.

"Maybe so," he said again to Mike Tierno as he started to the door, "It seems to me everybody popped off when I broke in. Just like it seems that the pitchers threw harder in the old days. Just like it seems we used to have more fun. We didn't own bowling alleys or motels or get on the *Perry Como Show*, but we had a lot of laughs. I guess it looks better from where I sit now, 65 years old, than it really was."

"What will you be doing for Birdie Tebbetts at Milwaukee, Jimmie?" a man called out.

"Why," said Dykes, turning around at the door, "I see where Birdie has signed Bill Adair to coach at third. So maybe he'll use me at first base. He said he wanted me to look at some of the other clubs during the season. He says he doesn't want me to work too hard. I'll tell Birdie sure that I can work as hard as ever. When I can't, I quit."

"Too bad you're not in on that baseball pension plan, Jimmie."

Dykes looked in his new hat, the gift of his old teammate, Bing Miller.

"Yeah," he said, "But, hell, I've had 46 years of steady work. Is that bad?"

Jimmie Dykes didn't wait for an answer. He put on his new hat and set it at a rakish angle. It was a youthful hat with a low crown and a narrow brim. On Jimmie Dykes, swaggering out the door, heading south for his 47th season in organized ball, it looked good.

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There are numerous occasions, but particularly on windy days, when golfers need both the length of a fairway wood and the control that only a long iron can give. When conditions are right the low, hooked long iron can be effective in achieving this combination. By proper conditions I mean a hard or firm fairway that will offer plenty of roll and a green that is not fronted by hazards.

The second hole at Pebble Beach in California is a good example from my competitive experience. It is also the type of hole I see pretty often on the winter tour. It is a 480-yard par 5. The fairway is firm, and the green, which is firm too, is not trapped directly in front. A high-flying fairway wood shot would be risky, because of a steady wind that sweeps across the hole. Also, the

green is backed by an out-of-bounds and is too firm to hold a long-approach hit directly into it.

The first time I played the hole during this year's Crosby I used a long iron for my second shot and hit a low hook under the wind. For this type of shot I always play the ball back nearer my right foot than normally and aim to the right of the target. I bring the clubhead down through the ball very hard, rolling my wrists quickly during impact. You can count on the hard fairway, the low trajectory and the great amount of overspin to give you 10 to 15 more yards than a long iron ordinarily would supply. Because of these factors I was able to roll the ball right up onto the green during that round at the Crosby and then knocked in the putt for an eagle 3.



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MEDICINE / John Underwood

The knee is not for bending

Deep bends and duck waddles
fell to a Texas professor's
20-year antiquated crusade

Of all the manifold exercises that bedevil the athlete on his way to glory, the Deep Knee Bend and its wicked descendant, the Duck Waddle, are the most unloved. The Deep Knee Bend is a hand-me-down from basic fitness formulae and is self-defining. The Duck Waddle, a favorite for torturing football players, is executed from a fixed squatting position and is so called for its resemblance to the walk of a duck that has just been hit behind the ear. The Army improved the Duck Waddle with a conjugal horror of its own known as the Squat Jump, or Death Bounce, which is an alternating-knee bend performed in spastic jerks and calculated to leave the legs with just enough juice to move the body to a couch.

The best possible thing one can now say for these three exercises is that they are rapidly going out of business. They have lost fire. Studies show them to be of little conditioning value. Worse, they are adjudged harmful by many informed persons—an opinion welcomed by athletes, who have always thought them nasty. The incidence of knee injury in ratio to deep knee exercises has, when pointed out, genuinely alarmed the nation's football coaches. Many now claim to have struck these exercises from their regimens long ago.

The unacknowledged leader of the abolitionist movement and the provider of most of the damning statistics is an associate professor at the University of Texas who has studied the knee for 20 years. Professor Karl K. Klein, in fact, is on

such familiar terms with it that he speaks of cartilage and ligament as if they were sons and daughters, and even keeps a piece of the grisly, milk-white cartilage from his own knee in a jar of alcohol on his desk. His charts and statistics are voluminous. He has lectured and written unceasingly on the knee. He has invented a calibrated instrument to measure its pitch and yaw, and apparatus to strengthen it. His friends say it would not surprise them if he some day ossified into a kneecap himself. When Texas football players limp off the field, people have been heard to cry: "There goes another statistic for Klein!"

AMA disapproves

It was, thus, a delight to Klein in July of 1961 when the Army ordered an end to two decades of squat jumping, though his joy was short-lived—the brass promptly substituted a Deep Knee Bend, with rifle. Thus, in Klein's view, was reverting from fire to pan—"anything below a half knee bend," he says glumly, "is useless and ruinous." A finer endorsement of Klein's position, without strings, came in the August issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The AMA "generally disapproved" of deep knee exercises, and spoke darkly of their "potential for severe injury (medial cartilage deterioration) to the internal and supporting structures of the knee joint." And in New York last week the superintendent of schools passed the word to gym teachers, no more exercise involving the deep knee bend.



By most standards, Klein is no Texan. He is a 47-year-old native of Buffalo, and a University of Indiana graduate, who resorts to squash for recreation. On his bony head a cowboy hat (which he wears gamely) is as misplaced as the Greek columns atop Texas' Spanish-rucoco Administration Building: it sits gingerly, as if afraid to take hold. Klein himself, however, is a take-hold guy with an inventive mind, a cheery nonstop pitchman for his assortment of ideas, and he thinks big—which is in keeping with the Texas posture. Not long ago he asked for and got a \$10,000 government grant to further his study of the knee. "My hobby," he said, "then became my work."

The knee held no particular fascination for Klein until he unhinged one of his own in a high school hockey game. A dozen years later, in 1945, he watched by mirror as Navy doctors extracted the torn cartilage. Afterward he was granted permission to assist at other knee operations—"which pretty much surprised some of the guys in the operating room. Including, I suppose, the patients."

At Texas, Klein heads up a unique Physical Education Rehabilitation Laboratory, into which stream athletes in disrepair and fat liberal arts majors who are dissatisfied with the shape of themselves. Klein gives them equal time. The rehabilitation section is under the Department of Required Physical Education, which dedicates itself to "getting young men in shape to enjoy their weekends."

Klein's laboratory baby is his all-aluminum measuring device that clamps around the thigh and calf, with a calibrated tolerance dial at the joint. He lovingly keeps it under lock in his cubby-hole office in the basement of Gregory Gymnasium. With the instrument, and with a blood pressure bulb to gauge the pressure applied, Klein is able to measure the play in the knee and the tensional strength of the leg. The tighter the ligament, the more fit the knee. "When the knee receives a blow," he explains, "the ligament sends an instantaneous signal to the brain, calling for tighter muscles to take up the slack. The brain immediately returns the signal to the muscles, ordering them to tighten up. But if the ligaments are stretched, as they are by deep knee bends, the entire process is slowed up, the signal is delayed and an injury results."

With the use of his device, Klein can detect ligament looseness in advance and

continued

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MEDICINE continued

prescribe corrective exercise. At that point another of his contraptions is brought into play: a bench on which the subject sits, bent-legged, with feet down and out and hooked under a crossbar. By tensing upward, with stress on both the hamstrings and quadriceps, the knees straighten and the trunk rises from the bench. The object is to tighten the ligaments and buttress them with strong muscle.

Using his instrument in a study of 54 men and boys who had done deep squats and 172 who had not, Klein found 72% more ligament instability, or weakness, among the squatters. Now he especially watches for unbalance—a condition in which one leg is stronger than the other. In collecting data on 600 players on 23 teams from Maine to Texas during a four-year study, he found that of 64 knee injuries reported, 51 were on the weak or "loose ligament" knee.

There is a strong and wide body of opinion to back up Klein's findings. Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd believes that the knee joint "is just not designed" for football as it is played today. Nothing short of an elaborate brace, he says, will fully protect it. Its vulnerability is further catalogued by an extensive study made by the National Athletic Trainers' Association in 1952. It showed that injuries to the knee were responsible for 31% of the man-hours lost per game, far exceeding the figures for other injuries. The "football knee" keeps star players parading in and out of infirmaries, and on and off operating tables.

By word of mouth, and by virtue of Klein's cascade of literature, the indictment of deep knee exercise got around. At UCLA, Trainer Ducky Drake said he had reduced injuries substantially by quitting the duck waddle in favor of a "quarter cagle," or half-knee bend. "The deep knee bend bends the knee far more than any athlete ever does," he said. Ohio State gave up both knee bends and duck waddles years ago; so did Wake Forest, Southern Cal, North Carolina State and Georgia Tech. Now hardly anybody admits to doing either, "except in high school." Two colleges that stuck with the knee bend were Auburn and Georgia—and both reported the incidence of knee injuries to be "definitely up." At Georgia there have been three operations since Christmas to correct knee damage suffered last fall.

Duke University, for some reason,

seems out of step with the rest of its southern brothers: Duke has used neither duck waddle nor knee bend for 10 years—but came up to the final game of its 1960 season with eight regulars inoperative due to knee injuries. Georgia Tech's Dodd has an explanation, however: "It's the age we live in," he says. "Boys grow up with weaker knees because they don't walk. Everybody rides."

Darrell Royal, head coach at Texas, when an assistant at Oklahoma, heard Dr. Donald H. O'Donoghue, a team physician, say that "deep squats punch the cartilage forward, like an apple seed between your finger and thumb." And since becoming head coach, Royal will brook neither squats nor duck waddles. Texas Trainer Frank Medina therefore reverts to some of Dodd's fundamentalism: he drives weaker-legged Longhorns 30 miles out to Georgetown, drops them from his car like unwanted kittens, and has them walk back to the campus.

Go pigeon-toed

Royal sends his post-injury problems to Klein. H. G. Anderson, a guard on Texas' 1960 team, was able to go 10 full games without a mishap (and with loose ligaments) by using, Klein said, a personalized technique. "He was taught to keep tension on his muscles, to run and cut on the ball of his foot. He compensated," Klein would have all athletes run pigeon-toed. "Most great ones, like, say, Jackie Robinson, have feet that either tend to turn inward slightly or at least point straight, putting everything in better mechanical position for safety and power." To achieve this, he has suggested a strategic taping of the knee to force a pigeon-toed gait.



Klein has found, too, that the man who looks loose-jointed may not be at all. Johnny Saxton, Texas' All-American halfback, is such a one. "Everybody talks about how he runs like a water bug, all skittering and loose-legged," Klein says, "and he does—but I'll tell you this: he has *right* ligaments." Saxton had no knee problems, and the Texas team had relatively few, but its followers are willing to concede that the Longhorns would have whipped TCU (the only loss in '61) had Fullback Ray Poage not been out with an injured knee.

Klein's correspondence spans the globe. Dr. Melvin A. Casberg, head of the Christian Medical College in Punjab, India, made this response to Klein's theory that squatting—as done by Indian fakirs—contributes to arthritis: "[I find that] by the fourth decade of life, an extremely large portion of the population here is affected [by osteoarthritis]." A Japanese doctor suggested a relationship between squatting and the short legs of his people. Dr. Barnard Kleiger of New York stated that the "deep *plie*" executed by professional dancers results in derangement of the knee joints. The deep squat does the same to the weight lifter, Klein feels, but, as in ballet and in baseball, where the catcher is doomed to a life of squatting, it is part of the routine and it must be considered "an occupational hazard."

There is no sign of a letup in Klein's programming and data-finding. With Dr. William L. Hall, the Texas team physician, as co-author, he will soon publish a book, *The Knee in Athletics*. His inventions, he says, "are for anybody who needs help or has an interest," and not for personal gain. His statistics and studies are open to fresh territory—e.g., he recently ran a test on six twisters from New York's Peppermint Lounge who were entertaining on the Texas campus. He found their legs were strong, and the ligaments "surprisingly snappy." They were in good shape. Three of the twisters were girls, the first Klein had ever tested. "I decided," he said, "that here was an area worth investigating."

Let unfit twisters, however, beware: what they are really doing is a type of duck waddle on half-beat knee. By way of warning, Klein offers a clipping from the school paper, a picture story about Liz Towels, a pretty Texas coed and a gifted twister. The caption under the picture of Liz with her knee in a cast said she would not be twisting again for several weeks.

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All eyes are on the girls

Impish leads the fine fillies who
will dominate trotting's classics

ALL around harness racing's training circuit last week horsemen were feeling decidedly chipper. Stanley Dancer, the young New Jersey capitalist, burst into song now and then as in freezing temperatures he worked the finest lot of horses he has ever hitched to sulky, and his mood was echoed at warmer points south and west.

Harness racing's postwar boom was showing no signs of flattening out. Last year brought alltime records in attendance (15,719,479 at pari-mutuel tracks, another 8 million to 9 million at county fairs), betting (\$857,587,384) and purses (\$32,635,694). The new season promises another healthy spurt in Jersey, in Florida, in North Carolina and in California, where the top trainers are at work, the rewards for producing gated speed have never been more enticing.

And never, it seems, has there been a more remarkable band of 3-year-old fillies in training for the classic trotting races. Any one of five is capable of handling the colts in trotting's most honored race, the August 29 Hambletonian.

Dancer himself, the leading money-winning driver last year, with \$671,000, handles one of these fillies. She is Worth Seen, a swift brown daughter of Worthy Boy who at 2 came within two-fifths of a second of harness racing's magic 2-minute-mile mark.

Tuning up at Pompano Beach in Florida is Delvin Miller's Spry Rodney (2:302), a bay daughter of Rodney. At Shafter, Calif. is Joe O'Brien's Laurita Hanover (2:02 1/5) by Hoot Mon. But even more impressive than these are a pair being educated at Orlando, Fla., the biggest training colony, by canny Frank Ervin. One, whose name is confusingly similar to Miller's filly, Spry Rodney, is Sprite Rodney. The other is



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Impish. They are among only six trotters in history to equal or better two minutes for the mile as 2-year-olds. They are, in fact, the two fastest 2-year-old trotters of all time. Sprite trotted in 1:59 2/5 against time, and were it not for Impish she would be considered something of a wonder horse.

But Impish is incomparable. This smallish bay daughter of the 1956 Hambletonian winner, The Intruder, not only raced a mile in 1:58 3/5 last September but came back to take a second heat in 1:59 3/5. Winner of nine of the 11 dashes of her brief career, she is nearly everybody's favorite for this year's Hambletonian.

When I stopped to pay my respects at Orlando the other day, Impish was sprawling indolently in her stall. Curious, she got up and poked her head out the door.

"She wintered extra good," said Ervin, fondly petting her nose. "Last year she was skinny, but tough as leather. Now she's bellied out some. She's a perfect, clean-going filly. In her top flight of speed she's like a machine—the greatest trotter I've ever seen. But she does like to play. Lord, how she loves to buck when I'm jogging her the wrong way of the track! The only thing that scares me is that she feels so good I'm afraid she'll hurt herself sometime. She bucks as hard as she trots."

Ervin also has a small fund of apprehension in reserve for the top 3-year-old colts. Those of proved class include Joe O'Brien's Safe Mission (2:02), Lou Huber Jr.'s Gallant Hanover (2:01 3/5) and Harry Pownall's Nathaniel (2:04). Less predictable but in the hands of men who point for the big races are Del Miller's Dunbar, full brother to last year's Hambletonian champion, Harlan Dean, and John Simpson's Fury Hanover, one of those growthy colts that look bagless at 2 but are dangerous at 3.

Apart from these uncommonly fine Hambletonian prospects, the new season will also bring a distinct novelty. Miller has in his barn a New Zealand pacer, Snow Time, that looks like an Indian pony. He is white with big brown patches—a color configuration unheard of in harness racing. This skewbald, as he is termed, may or may not have the speed to star at New York's Roosevelt Raceway when he arrives there for the spring meeting (March 20-May 19), but he is likely to spook a few opponents right out of their traces.

END

May 30



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Last month audiences gasped—some with horror, some with sympathy—as they watched great stars, playing in a world championship, make the kind of mechanical errors that would cause the average social player to blush. For example, Italy's Giorgio Belladonna led out of the wrong hand, but, fortunately, it cost him nothing.

In another hand, Benito Garozzo revoked—with the strange result that Bobby Nail of Houston "pulled the wrong card" for a loss of 14 IMPs for North America. The deal is shown at right.

Garozzo's overall was on the thin side, but he was not vulnerable against vulnerable opponents. When Forquet showed strength with his two-no-trump response, Garozzo decided to compete further after the opponents confessed weakness by stopping at three spades. Nail's double of four diamonds was a combination of relief at getting out of what seemed a misfit, warning to Mathe not to bid again and hope that the contract could be defeated.

Mathe covered dummy's heart queen with the king and declarer won with the ace, returning a spade. Nail put in the ace to lead a trump—the winning defense against declarer's threatened cross-ruff. Dummy's 7 held the trump lead, and when the heart 2 was led, East won with the 9 and West discarded his remaining spade. East continued with the heart jack, forcing dummy to ruff. Garozzo thought a while, then led dummy's spade queen. Mathe thought even longer and elected to play low, correctly deducing that best defense would be for West to ruff and continue trumps.

Here, after another brief huddle, Garozzo revoked. He discarded the club 5. But before West had played, Garozzo announced to the referee, Al Sobel, that he had a spade. The renouveau, as this

play used to be called, was corrected without penalty. South simply withdrew his club and played the spade 3. Nail now went into the grandfather of all trances, and the longer he huddled the surer we commentators became that he was about to make a mistake. We had already pointed out to spectators that Nail was about to justify his double by ruffing and continuing trumps, thus leaving only one trump in dummy to take care of two remaining hearts. Instead, after minutes that seemed like hours, Nail discarded the 4 of clubs, permitting North's spade queen to win the trick.

With a clear count on East's hand, the rest was easy for Garozzo. He let

East-West vulnerable
East deals

NORTH			
♠	Q 10 9 7		
♥	Q 2		
♦	A Q 10 7		
♣	K 10 8		
WEST			
♠	A 2		
♥	3		
♦	9 5 2		
♣	Q J 7 6 4 2		
EAST			
♠	K J 8 6 4		
♥	A J 10 9 7		
♦	6		
♣	A 3		
SOUTH			
♠	5 3		
♥	A 8 5 4		
♦	K J 5 4 3		
♣	5		
EAST (Abel)			
1♠	3♠		
3♥	PASS		
PASS	4♦		
PASS	PASS		
SOUTH (Garozzo)			
1♠	3♠		
PASS	4♦		
PASS	PASS		
WEST (Nail)			
PASS	3♠		
PASS	4♦		
PASS	5♦		
NORTH (Forquet)			
2 NT	PASS		
PASS	PASS		
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 3 of hearts

Nail won a club, won the trump return in dummy, ruffed out East's club ace and trumped a losing heart with dummy's last trump. His remaining heart went on the club king and declarer's trumps won the rest for a score of 510.

When the session was over, Nail said, "You know, it took real courage to walk through the lobby." But experts, though highly critical of even a correct play that fails to bring home a makable contract, are tolerant of errors that demonstrate the difference between a man and a machine.

END



New woods with
concave heads get the
ball up and away

SPALDING EXECUTIVE WOODS



Greatest improvement in golf woods since steel shafts. The unique concave head means that the center of gravity is lower. On both tee and fairway shots, you get into the ball for proper loft, more distance. And the face insert is so solidly bonded that screws aren't needed. Results: tremendous impact, extra yardage.

Top-Flite Executive Woods—like Executive Irons—are matched in perfect balance through Spalding's exclusive Synchro-Dyned® process. They are designed for golfers able to pay a bit more for superb performance combined with striking appearance. Available only through golf professional shops.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

A SICK GOALIE

continued from page 17

the Rangers," he says, "will give you the greatest shuffle I've ever seen; you don't know where the puck is. Jean Beliveau gets out there in front of the nets to set up the screen for somebody else. And, if that somebody misses, boom! he's in on the puck and shooting! Before he quit, Montreal's Rocket Richard had an outstanding backhand shot. He was a left-hander playing right wing, which was how he developed it. Andy Bathgate will come in on you, take a look and, if he hasn't got you beat, pass off to another man."

Hall's own style is as individualistic as an infant's car. The majority of goalies use a semisplit in which one leg is locked vertically into place as a pivot while the other one is swung out wide to the left in a lopsided V. Hall meets the shot with his feet wide but his knees close together to form an inverted Y. Instead of throwing his whole body to the ice in crises, he'll go down momentarily to his knees, then bounce back to his feet, able to go in any direction. "In this way I'm always in position and ready for the next shot," he says.

On the ice Hall follows the puck with the concentration of a gem cutter. (He has 20/15 vision, which means that he can see at 20 feet what the normal eye can see at 15 feet.) "Sometimes I have to talk to myself to sell me on concentrating a little more," he says.

Ping-pong and pills

To keep his eyes sharp during the off-season Hall plays ping-pong—as many as 20 games in a row. "I don't really play too well," he says. "I play up close to the table where I'm going to need the same characteristics I need for goalkeeping—reflexes and coordination." When he drives he wears sunglasses, even on cloudy days. And at night he keeps well to the right on toll roads and superhighways. "Keeps the bright lights of the oncoming cars out of my eyes when I'm going to the game," he says.

For years he's experimented with stomach-settling preparations—"but they only come up with everything else." Today, as one of the two best goalies in hockey (Jacques Plante is the other), he accepts nausea without complaint as the burden of trying to straddle two worlds with a single nervous system. "I guess," he once said of goalkeepers, "we're all a little bit sick."

END



New irons with focal
facing to help groove
your swing

SPALDING EXECUTIVE IRONS



Intelligently designed to help improve your game. This new Focal Facing frames the ball in exact hitting position. Clubhead is flared at the toe for better line-up vision. The slightly

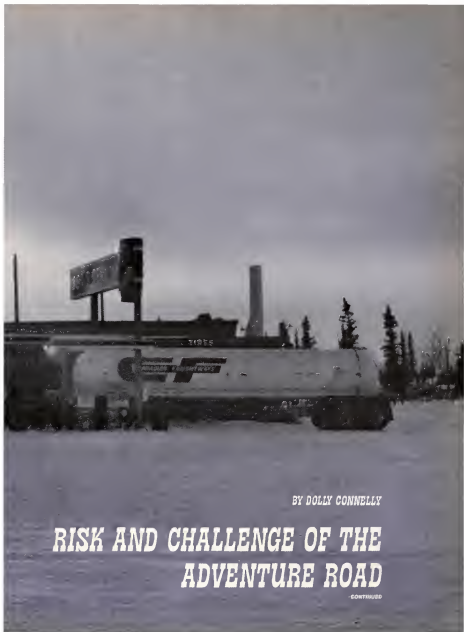
rounded leading edge gets the ball away cleanly in fairway or rough. New Top-Flite Executives are easily the finest golf irons ever crafted.

And, like Spalding's Executive Woods, they're Synchro-Dyned® to match in perfect balance. Markings and trim are in gold. Top-Flite Executive Irons and Woods are built for the golfer able to pay a bit more for superb performance combined with striking appearance. Available only through golf professional shops.

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"The only things that matter are the Road, and the people of the Road, a breed as distinctive as were the Klondike gold seekers of '98. Someday there will be stories about them, legends of the men who drive the great Lynden Transfer rigs, and the rotating Army families, and the lonely cooks and waitresses of the roadhouses. . . . They are all pioneers, people of the Adventure Road, whose genuine regard for one another conquers the empty stretch of a continent. It is beautiful to see, as though the clock had been turned back to an America of a hundred years ago."



BY DOLLY CONNELLY

RISK AND CHALLENGE OF THE ADVENTURE ROAD

CONTINUED

Stall and You May Freeze

Perhaps it's just as well I didn't first see the Road in winter from the air. Pan American's milk run southward out of Fairbanks follows the Alaska Highway for 600 miles along the east slope of the Wrangells and the Saint Elias range to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. As the first slanting sidelight of the short, dim winter day unveils the frozen wilderness below, the heart is chilled by the feebleness of this mark of man—this faint track defying a land of unimaginable immensity.

How could it have been conceived—and more, who dares to travel it? One good snowstorm or a wind pushing up drifts could wipe out every trace of this Lilliputian line meandering through an empty landscape shattered by the spines of great mountains. Yet in December of 1961, 329 incoming vehicles carried 652 passengers through the Alaska port of entry at Tok Junction. I'm willing to bet that hardly one person of these 652 was driving the Road for the first time. A good proportion of them, of course, were Alaska Highway truckers, a class as separate and apart from ordinary truck drivers as Peter Snell is from the suburbanite sprinting for his morning bus. But the remainder, I am sure, were on the Road because they can't keep off it. Alaskans come out over it on any flimsy pretext, and promptly turn around and drive up it again. And so do outsiders who have been initiated into the cult of the Road.

This is the strange thing about the Alaska Highway. You can't travel it just once, as for instance in the heart of the "good" season from June to September, and let it go at that. You must travel it in the clinging mud of spring, and over the black ice of fall and most especially in the deep below-zero temperatures of winter. The people you meet on the Road—and you strike up immediate close friendships with them because you share a great experience—all tell you the same thing.

"It's my fifth [or 10th or 17th or 26th] trip over the Road. I like it best from December to early March. It's..." They bog down in explanation. The roadbed is fine and smooth, its gravel buried under the packed, sand-dry, frozen snow of midwinter. There is no dust, no worry over accommodations. Tourists and mosquitoes are mere memory.

The very way drivers shoulder through the low double

doors of far northern roadhouses tells you that they love the winter Road because it satisfies some deep longing in them. They are at peace on the Road. Like me, they came along too late to sail the Atlantic into the unknown in a frail wooden vessel, too late to cross the plains in a covered wagon, too late to hack a home and sustenance out of the wilderness. But not too late to accept the challenge of this endless slender track, snaking and roller-coasting through the roughest and most enchanting terrain of North America, winding through gorges and cold-stunted forests, over burned mountains and the midnight blue of frozen rivers, extending on and on with a sense of the unknown forever around the next corner.

There is the secret knowledge, rarely expressed, that blinding snows and 60°-below temperatures can kill a stranded—and ill-equipped—tourist in half an hour. This challenge fades in the traffic of summer. (In July of 1961, some 120 northbound vehicles per day checked in at Tok.) In winter this delicious defiance of the violence of nature keeps death just one skid removed from the heated interior of the car. The winter traveler is lifted to a sense of awareness so heightened that the end of the trip is barren of emotion, a separation rather than a homecoming. The Road is home, and while you are on it you are part of it. Nothing seems as important as the fantastic number of snowshoe rabbits in cyclic superabundance around Dawson Creek, the 48° below at Mile 1093, the telescoped trailer rig lying stricken on its side in deep drifts near Mile 533, the bonspiel scheduled at Whitehorse, the slick, pounded surface on Trutch Mountain, the Army truck convoys converging on Tanacross for Operation Great Bear, the fabulous oil well fireman, Red Adair, and his asbestos suit, due momentarily from Algiers to put out the wild oil well fire blazing in the bushland near Blueberry.

The only things that matter are the Road, and the people of the Road, a breed as distinctive as were the Klondike gold seekers of '98. Someday there will be stories about them, legends of the men who drive the great Lynden Transfer rigs, and the rotating Army families, and the lonely cooks and waitresses of the roadhouses. Right now it is all too raw and new for any but the private yarns that run the 1,523-mile length of the Road from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks by mysterious word of mouth known as the Mukluk Telegraph. The Alaska Highway's closest approach to a Robert W. Service is the truck driver who wrote,

"Winding in and winding out—

Wonder if the dude who made this road
Was going to hell or coming out."

We set out from Bellingham, Washington in a bitter northeaster that dropped temperatures to 10° and blew snow in waves over the roads of northern Whatcom County. Art Sexauer had picked up his new station wagon in Pontiac, Michigan. "I'll come through Washington in the third week of January," he had scrawled across the face of a Christmas card. "Want to drive the winter Road?"

Forty miles south of Prince George we picked up a Ger-

ADVENTURE ROAD (continued)

soundlessness. The wilderness winter air is alive as no other air is alive, throbbing in tones too deep for the ear to catch, felt but not heard. Suddenly the throb gets mixed up with the beat of your heart, overlaid in the stillness, and a sense of wonder rises like a swelling in the throat. You remember that there is not another human being within miles of this moon-drenched spot. It is as free of trouble as if the earth were just emerging from a primary era. If the winter Road offered no other gift, this would be enough.

Canadians don't get enough credit for their marvelous maintenance job, which is somewhat simplified by the fact that the Road traverses the low-precipitation belt of the northern interior where deep snow is uncommon except for wind drift. But temperatures to 60° or even 70° below don't exactly surprise the natives in January and February. Full appreciation of Canada's job comes at the Alaska border. Gone is the protective sanding at icy spots, gone are the big warning checkerboards at tough curves and the bump markers for frost bolls.

We picked up Doug Smith, with a bent wheel rim hung over his arm, 45 miles short of Fort Nelson. Doug is a "moed" truck driver. He delivers lubricating clay silt of a kind vital to oil drilling in the snowy forests. He had been on the job more than 24 hours, and was now on his way to town to replace the rim so he could get his truck out and finish his day's work.

"Oh, no, my wife won't worry about me until I've been unreported for two days," he told us. Fort Nelson was in the grip of a combined celebration, the usual Saturday night brouhaha complicated by an open house (everything for free) at a newly opened hotel, in front of which two combatants rolled in eye-gouging fury in the snow.

"Oil crews got to let off steam," Doug remarked mildly. We told him where to find us—just in case he couldn't locate anyone sober enough to drive him back to the cat track leading off into infinity. Half an hour later there was Doug, affable and charming as ever, a new truck wheel rim over his arm, his chances of repairing his truck and getting home to his family at absolute zero.

We drove Doug back, all 45 miles back, and then 11 more miles in, over staggering frozen humps that threatened to hang us up on the cat tracks. A lynx, fattened on countless snowshoe rabbits, padded arrogantly off the trail on his big fluffy feet, turning his lovely wildcat face back to study us. (Doug called him a "link.") A fox leaped high above the hummocks at breakneck pace. We hit a dozen unmarked forks and tried to make mental notes on how to get back out again. Snow-white varying hares swept across the cat track like a ghostly rolling surf in the searching yellow tunnels of the headlights. There was appalling evidence that they were practicing cannibalism. I couldn't face it, clinging tight to my memories of Peter Rabbit and Mr. McGregor's carrots.

"They're mourning their fallen comrades," I suggested stubbornly.

"You want the whole world covered solid with nothin' "

but snowshoe rabbits?" Doug asked. He went on to explain, gently, as though to a child. "You see, when there are far too many of them there isn't enough food for them all. They've got nothin' else to eat but each other. There's always disease amongst them, so cannibalism spreads the disease like wildfire. Pretty soon the top of the cycle is over and there are just enough of them left to support a population of link and foxes. Then they start to increase again and in another 10 years we got rabbits like they are this winter. That's the way it was meant to be."

Suddenly the snowy forest pulsed with the pounding of an oil drill, and improbable lights sprang out at us from a derrick lifted over the trees and into the cold, starlit night. We walked in with Doug and watched a boy-aged crew, slipping and sliding in the flowing lubricating mud of the platform, slam an extension on the drill pipe in a feverish, expert dance. My God, how hard! No wonder they get mindlessly drunk and roll in the snow, snarling choked curses at one another.

Doug didn't thank us with an effusive speech. He shook our hands warmly and, looking directly from one to the other, he said, "I guess you know what I feel." With that he turned and strode quickly to his truck.

Art will go down in Canadian folklore as the American who turned back on the highway in the small hours of the morning to help a tired man. Maybe his act of kindness will erase some of the tales we heard of Americans who drive past people on the Road, an unforgivable sin on the Alaska Highway, where every man is his brother's keeper and a waving figure means that help is needed. And never anything more.

From Fort Nelson north the Road wanders through the Stikine and Cassiar mountains of the northern Rockies, a region of magnificent beauty. Summit Lake, Toad River, Muncho Lake, Laard River, Coal River, Watson Lake—these are the names of the Stone sheep country, and of a land of grizzly bears, moose, caribou and mountain goats, of fantastic fishing for northern pike, trout and grayling. Lash Callison runs his big-game-outfitting business from Mile 419, Dennis Callison from Toad River at Mile 422. The Callisons, like many roadhouse operators along the highway, leave a light on and a door unlocked all night, posting a sign: "Take any of the rooms with doors open. Good night! We'll see you in the morning."

"Roadhouse," a holdover from pioneer days in Alaska and the Yukon, means a combination of simple inn, café and service station. It does not stand for "joint." Often these havens smell like the inside of a venerable Crisco can, from the Yukon custom of cooking everything, absolutely everything, in hot deep fat. There are a few ancient log roadhouses left over from gold rush days, and many remodeled construction camps abandoned by the highway builders. Rough of exterior, most are clean and comfortable enough inside. If there still is a noisome outhouse anywhere, we missed it.

Along in here, at Mile 408, it's a pleasure to stop at Tom

Mickey's Circle T and meet Waitress Betty Kennedy, the Road's photographer. Betty is not interested in the scenery, no matter how exalting. She has a true sense of values. She photographs the regular truck drivers on the Alaska run and posts color pictures of them on display boards that cover the walls of the café. Ray Cowles, Ron Kotje, Bert Sheets, Russ Morrisette, Lebert Tripp and Duck Burger of Lynden Transfer, the only freight out of Seattle; men of Garrison, the mail-carrying subsidiary of Consolidated Freight; Herda out of Minnesota; Louise Transport of Dawson Creek; drivers of Alaska and Canadian Communications; and the men of the maintenance crews—all are memorialized here, fond recognition of the fact that just as they are utterly dependent on the truck stops, so the people of the highway stops are completely dependent upon them.

"They know more about our runs than we do, know just when to expect us and what kind of trip we've had," Ron Kotje told us.

There is an extraordinary rapport between the drivers and the roadside people. At each scheduled stop a brief chapter is played in a continued drama of long standing. Cues are picked up by the players immediately. Maybe the play is an old joke, or gentle teasing about a personal matter. Waitresses and cooks are flattered outrageously. Drivers stage mock fights over dates with women whose faces shine at this recognition of their desirability, even though everyone knows that when the hour of the "date" arrives the drivers will be hundreds of miles on their way. It is necessary therapy, marking the importance of everyone. The load of loneliness is lifted by friendship based upon the sharing of great adventure. They are all pioneers, people of the Adventure Road, whose genuine regard for one another conquers the empty stretch of a continent. It is beautiful to see, as though the clock had been turned back to an America of a hundred years ago.

Beyond the Circle T, at Mile 687, the Transport Café is a typical wellspring of hospitality. Low-ceilinged, double-doored, murky lit by its chugging power plant, even the restaurant is left unlocked in the small hours of the night when no one is in attendance, its coffee urn perking, food on display. I asked a cook, newly come on duty, if he counted the missing chunks of pie and dirty coffee cups in the morning and matched them against the coins in the canning jar set out on the counter from which truck drivers can make change for themselves.

"No point," he yawned, stirring pancake mix. "It's always way over. The boys put in more than's due. Their way of saying thanks."

At Watson Lake Hotel, a handsome two-story log structure in the Yukon, a tired man in a worn, down-filled parka came in. He somehow had the look of immense reaches of spruce and pine forests about him. An insurance adjuster for wrecked aircraft, he had just come in from inspecting a downed plane in the mysterious Nahanni Valley, called by the natives "land of vanishing men" and "headless valley." (They'll tell you that no gold seeker or trapper ever came out of the valley alive. The bodies of two were found minus heads by a search party.) The men at the bar stared,

"No plane worth going into that country for," they muttered to one another. "I don't believe in ghosts, mind you," one added, "but I don't want no part of that place."

The people who run Morley River Station at Mile 777 told us of the highway's joyless travelers, the rotating servicemen, his terrified young wife and three or four little children, generally all under 5 years of age. With travel allowances adequate for a safe and pleasant journey, many of them still try to make it without spending more than a dime for anything but gasoline, hoping to save expense money for a stake. By the time they reach Morley River,



At Mile 635 tourists still add to the oddball sign collection started by road builders long ago.

coming or going, taking turns at the wheel, eating cold food and sleeping in the car, the whole outfit is in dreary shape. While the wife bathes herself and all the kids and does a light laundry in the sink bowl, using maybe \$5 worth of precious hot water, the husband drinks cup after cup of coffee—all for 10¢. Nobody ever charges for seconds in the north. Cleaned, warmed and refreshed for the moment, they take off again on the cruel marathon.

The station's people watch them go, wryly. "How can you deny warmth to little children?" they ask. "The children suffer so. Many of them have no proper clothes. There was one soldier so punchy tired for lack of sleep that he ran off the Road into deep drifts. Somebody picked him up walking on the Road and brought him here for help. When we had him warmed up so he could talk he told us he'd left a wife and baby in the car. We found them in time. The

continued

ADVENTURE ROAD Continued

women had taken off her coat and wrapped the baby in it. Her hands and feet were so near frozen she screamed when we put them in water. The baby wasn't much better. White and quiet he was."

Just beyond Morley River is the land of long lakes—Teslin, Atlin, Marsh, Tagish—with arms extending from the highway into the timbered slopes of the Coast range. This wilderness swarms with game, and the lakes are filled with huge trout. Mike Nolan, who headquarters at Marsh Lake, is the best-known guide in the region.

Many roadhouse owners keep tame wolves, partly as a tourist attraction but more often because they like them. The Combs family of Squanga Lake let theirs run loose. There is just one wolf of the litter left now, a magnificent male, wary and wild but tame enough to stay around the station. There were more, but one night a Texas hunter "saved" the Combses and their guests by shooting two wolves in an enclosure back by the trailer camp. The Mounties caught him at Whitehorse, sealed his guns, took his license and fined him a whopping sum.

Queer bruises and skinned areas decorated the men of Haines Junction, Mile 1016, whom we found reliving the broom ball game of the night before. Broom ball, more or less native to the Yukon, is a slam-bang, uproarious contest in which participants are down on the ice as often as they

we get going good we like to play most of the night."

Everybody has a favorite spot on the Alaska Highway. Mine is Klunne Lake (pronounced Kloo-ah-nee), a lovely 50-mile-long body of water, largest in the Yukon. The highway parallels the deeply indented shore for 40 miles, opening one vista after another of the surrounding Sheep Mountains, Ruby Range and the Klunne Hills. This is the northern boundary of an immense game sanctuary famous for Dall sheep, extending from the Haines Highway to the Alaska-Yukon border. Nowhere else on the Road are you more likely to see bands of sheep staring from rocky promontories than at Sheep Mountain, near Klunne's southern tip.

Klunne yields enormous lake trout, or Mackinaw, orange-bellied and beautiful, weighing up to 40 and 50 pounds. Arctic grayling and whitefish can also be caught year-round. The elevation is so high that the ice does not break up until early June. Thus, much fishing is done through holes 4 feet in diameter cut with a needle bar in the midnight-blue ice, which ranges in thickness from 4½ to 6 feet in the dead of winter. The natives of Burwash Landing, an old Yukon trading post established in 1904, told us that a hole can be cut in 20 minutes with this instrument, which resembles a sharpened crowbar. Pole-marked old holes, frozen less deeply, can be opened in a few minutes.

Burwash Landing feeds man and sled dog on the firm-fleshed, thick-bodied trout. Thus, ice-fishing is both food-harvesting and sport, and in the deep minus temperatures of midwinter it is accomplished quickly by gill netting. The 150-foot-long nets with 4½-inch mesh are run under the ice by spring-propelled, bright red-and-white jiggers which show up clearly as the snow is shoveled away from the ice above them. Where the jigger stops, a second hole is cut and the net pulled through. Nets are hauled daily, yielding a dozen to a hundred fish ranging in weight from 4 to 40 pounds. The trout come up fighting, their backs shining silver and their bellies bright orange. In a minute they are flash-frozen stiff as kindling, their color dulled by hoarfrost.

Burwash Landing is known to all sportsmen of the Northwest as headquarters of the remarkable Dixon family of hunters and guides. Founding father was Tom Dixon, an officer of the Northwest Mounted Police who married a handsome Indian woman and raised 11 children to the life he loved. The best-known guide among his sons was Buck, who died a year or so ago. Daughter Belle, famed woman guide of the Yukon, outfits with her husband out of Whitehorse up the Canol Road. Still at Burwash Landing are sisters Grace Chambers and Babe Southwick, Babe's husband Park, Russell Dixon and Joe Jacquot, all as simply attuned to wilderness living as the moose and the sheep and the grizzly bears. Grace and Babe net fish out of the lake ice, train sled dogs for entry in the big money races, hunt and trap. They've built up a considerable business providing animals for zoos.

"What animals are most in demand?" I asked Grace, a strapping, handsome woman with fine golden-brown eyes.



At Tok Junction's border station, where travelers check into the 49th state, civilization begins to take over.

are up and running. It's played without skates, by ice hockey rules, with taped, sawed-off brooms and a ball slightly smaller than a volleyball. Even the smallest settlements have ice rinks under cover, though "cover" may be a euphemism for a Quonset hut open at both ends. "It's too cold to play in the open," explained a battered highway maintenance man. "Have to quit after an hour. When

"Otters and wolverines. Otters are very smart. They tame in a few days like pets. You hate to ship them out." She described the baited pipe-length traps that leave no mark.

"How do you get a wolverine out of the trap and into a cage for shipment?" Art asked. "I've heard they're the most vicious animals for their size on earth."

This amused Grace. "You reach in and grab them around the jaws so they can't bite and pull them out. How else?"

Next morning we went out on the ice with the sisters. I doubt that I'll ever see anything more beautiful. The long light of the sun swinging low on the horizon accentuated every slightest variation in terrain. The rolling hills, wind ripples of snow, animal tracks—each took on magic far beyond the soft beauty of summer. But cold! It was at least 30° below on the lake, maybe more. Yet those magnificent women pulled their nets and wriggled the fish out with bare hands, working fast to get the nets back in the water before the mesh froze in lumps. My winterized cameras slowed down until 1/500th of a second sounded a long *krr-tump*.

Art popped out a 24-pound lake trout that thrashed wildly on the ice before it froze. He knelt in the snow and stared at the great fish in pride and amazement. Babe, unimpressed, heaved the fish into the back of her pickup truck and told us, "Come back in March. Then it's warm enough to jig over the holes. When the water's open in summer we troll the arm stretching 20 miles north into the hills. If a wind comes up, we get high waves. Sometimes we camp on the far shore two or three days until it's safe to come back."

The greatest charmer of comfortable Burwash Lodge is Bert Cluett, its 87-year-old bartender, who stands 4 feet 10 inches and weighs perhaps 90 pounds with a bucket of ice in each hand. Bert is an escapee from Santa's workshop, a sharp-witted elf, bearded, long-haired, twinkly-eyed and enchanting. His duties are the opening of beer bottles and the gathering up of empties. He has problems when it comes to bouncing drunken Indians. The Indians throw Bert out—but he bounces right back in and keeps at it with undisputed persistence until he establishes order in his domain. Born in Dorset, England, he came to the Klondike in 1900 and has wandered the north country on foot ever since. He is a stickler for authenticity. It infuriates him that there is a historical marker at Destruction Bay on Klunne Lake stating that the settlement is so named for the many boats wrecked there during the Klondike rush.

"They're misleading the public," Bert says in his precise English. "There is no reason for such tampering with facts. Destruction Bay was so named because a high wind blew down all the tents of the highway building camp that was set up there in 1942."

For mutual security, it's a good idea to pair up with another car on the Road. We located our companion a ways beyond Burwash Landing. Bill Alexander gave us too much room as we were passing him, hit the edge and took a cushioned dive into the drifts. We pulled him out, and thereafter, he turned off on the Glean Highway to Tok

Junction for Anchorage, we spent evenings listening to Bill's tales of a seaman's small world. A genuine winter vacationist in Alaska, he is by profession a marine engineer, newly back from Australia on three months' leave from his ship for caribou hunting here and later, maybe, some duck hunting in Mexico.

Once you cross the line into Alaska, the wealth and population brought to the 49th state by the military is everywhere apparent. For a hundred miles either way from Tanacross, long convoys of Army trucks converged on the center of Operation Great Bear, the great arctic training maneuver in interior Alaska's "icebox." At Big Delta we saw a woman clad in smart sheath, fur coat and spike heels spring from her heated car into a supermarket. Fort Greely, Elson Air Force Base and Fort Wainwright have brought their trailer colonies of military families, their shopping centers and services and business to the highway from Big D to Fairbanks, a city now so civilized that a wolf would feel foolish walking up Second Avenue.

Fairbanks, suffering a cold snap with nights to 56° below, was blacked out in ice fog, its sun a dim bulb in the thick gloom, its garish neon lights sad glows against the impenetrable mist of civilization. Even curling contests had been canceled, and generally busy barkeeps leaned on their elbows. Cars were wreaths in the mist, the stop signals—the first in 1,523 miles—impotent jingles. Little kids set out for school with faces completely hidden by scarfs. Mothers watched the clocks at dismissal time, apprehensive until each child was safely home. Five minutes of dillydally en route is reason enough, in extreme low temperatures, to call out the marines.

Don't let anyone tell you that Alaskans take bitter cold differently from anyone else. They're kind of proud of it, and consider Fairbanks the *real* Alaska. They carry on with their work, all right, but as soon as possible they head for home. Let the temperature rise to 15° below and Fairbanks is full of fun again, heading out en masse for Ullrhaugen, Cleary Summit Ski Lodge and Ski Land. Hot buttered rum flows like the Tanana at ice-breakup time. Many Alaskans prefer the winter for its letup in the pressure of making a living. But 56° below is still 56° below anywhere it happens.

Art's huge lake trout—in January—caused a mild sensation, even prodding the *News-Miner* out to photograph him holding it aloft under one of Fairbanks' giant street thermometers. We took it to Ernie Szikszay at the Mecca Café. Ernie did wonderful things to it with "a little marinade of wheezy" and sautéed it in thick, thick steaks—thick and tender and juicy and better than any fish I ever have eaten.

But even Ernie's genius couldn't dispel a sense of gloom that had nothing to do with ice fog. Fairbanks was the end of the Road. There wasn't any more. But there's hope for me. The nine-day Fairbanks Ice Carnival and North American Championship Sled Dog Derby for \$15,000 in prizes is due to start on March 17. You see what we're like, we Alaska Highway addicts? There's always the next trip. So where do you think I'll be on March 17? In Fairbanks whooping for sled dogs, that's where.

RENO

The Minute Man

...he helped put the service in Service Station



If you ever drove into a gas station of the 1920's and said, "Fill her up!" you'll remember that you got the gasoline. But that's all you got.

What put the service in Service Station? The Union Oil Minute Man had a lot to do with it.

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He was first to make change or complete your credit card transaction so fast. (We'd moved the cash box to the pump island to speed things up.)

He was first with rest rooms that are as neat and clean as you want them to be. (We'd introduced the Sparkle Corps. These girls check and rate the Minute Man's housekeeping.)

He was proudest, perhaps, of his glistening white, blue and orange station at the Sign of the 76. (We'd inaugurated full-time cleaning and painting crews to keep the stations bright and inviting.)

He had a "patent," of course, on his speed and thoroughness. (If you have time he'll even check your battery and tires when you stop for gasoline.)

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They Melted (Well, Almost) the Ice

The Canadiens and the Rangers climaxed a crucial game in New York 15 years ago with the most spectacular donnybrook in NHL history
by STAN FISCHLER

Kenny Reardon, the tough Montreal Canadian defenseman, had one thing in mind as he stickhandled across Madison Square Garden ice on Sunday night, March 16, 1947—freeze the puck. "Dick Irvin, our coach, had bawled me out for losing the puck, and the game, the last time we were in New York," said Reardon recently. "I wasn't going to let it happen again."

Montreal was leading the Rangers 4-3, with about 30 seconds left in the game. If the Canadiens could hold the lead they would clinch first place. The fifth-place Rangers needed the win to remain in contention for a playoff berth.

The two teams had played a rough

game the previous night, when the Canadiens had beaten the Rangers 1-0 at the Montreal Forum, and the players were in a fiery mood. The game at the Garden had moved along without incident, however, until Reardon and Maurice Richard had a brief scuffle with Bill Juzda and Bryan Hextall of the Rangers in the second period. After that, and all through the third period, the checking had been especially rough.

"They're out to get Richard and Reardon," Dick Irvin, the Canadiens' coach, shouted. "They want to run them for the playoffs."

Reardon agreed with his coach. "But I couldn't afford a fight. If I had received

a penalty in that last half minute we might have blown our lead."

As Reardon skated over the blue line Brian Hextall checked him, bouncing Reardon toward the Rangers' Cal Gardner. Gardner's stick slashed Reardon across the mouth. "My upper lip," said Reardon, "felt as if it had been sawed off my face."

He was revived by Dr. Vincent Narduello and escorted toward the Garden's medical room. As Reardon passed the Rangers' bench en route to the clinic, Phil Watson of the Rangers suggested that Reardon's mangled lip was not punishment enough for him. Reardon lunged at Watson, but a policeman intervened. Up popped a bald-headed fan behind the Ranger bench. "Reardon," he shouted, shaking his fist, "I've been waiting a long time for you to get it."

"That did it," said Reardon. "I swung

continued

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They Melted the Ice

my stick at him and missed. Then a cop grabbed me from behind and I fell." The disturbance aroused the Rangers who, out of natural curiosity, rose from their bench to see what was happening. Across the ice, the Montreal players thought the entire New York team was preparing to pounce upon Reardon.

"Get the hell over there and help



COACH IRVIN SENT TEAM AFTER RANGERS

Kenny," shouted Irvin. The Canadiens leaped over the boards and started for the narrow alleyway next to the Rangers' bench. But when they got there they were surprised to find that the Rangers had not laid a stick, much less a fist, on Reardon. Instead of retreating peacefully, however, Montreal Captain Emile (Butch) Bouchard began arguing with the bald-headed spectator. Without warning, Bouchard clouted the man with his stick, and Gerald Bill Durnan and Maurice Richard began slugging other customers.

As soon as the Rangers realized their fans were being manhandled by the Canadians they scrambled over the boards and into the aisle, until there was no room to throw a punch. Almost immediately the players broke out of the aisle and moved to center ice, where four main events took place: 1) Maurice Richard vs. Bill Juzda, 2) Bill Durnan vs. Bill Moe, 3) Leo Lamoureux vs. Hal Laycoe and 4) Butch Bouchard vs. Bryan Hextall.

Moe knocked down the heavily pad-

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ded Darnan with a roundhouse right. Bouchard ripped Hextall's stick away from him and flattened him with a punch. Moe then cracked a stick over Bouchard's head. Laycoe and Lamoureux swung away at each other in a fierce toe-to-toe encounter that ended only because the belligerents were too tired to throw another punch. Richard broke



DEFENSEMAN REARDON MISSED THE FUN

his stick over Juzda's head, snapping the shaft in two. Juzda arose slowly and tackled Richard, bringing him violently down to the ice. Juzda then left Richard, picked up a stray stick and poleaxed Buddy O'Connor, breaking his jaw.

One of the more bizarre bouts involved Murph Chamberlain of Montreal and Joe Cooper of the Rangers. When Murph missed a wild uppercut, Cooper came right back with an equally wild punch. This one landed on Chamberlain's jaw, however, and catapulted him clear over the sideboards and into a front row seat.

"It almost became an endless fight," said *The New York Sun*. "No sooner was one group of players quieted down than another one would start at it again. At one time there were 15 fights going on between the players."

Gladys Goodding, the Garden organist, started playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, but it didn't help. When Frank Boucher, the Rangers' manager, attempted to break up a fight between

continued



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GOALIE DURNAN (1) RUBS BACK OF HIS HEAD AFTER BEING KNOCKED DOWN

They Melted the Ice *continued*

Ken Mosdell of the Canadiens and Edgar Laprade of the Rangers, Mosdell swung his stick at Boucher. Boucher scrambled behind the boards.

The only players to escape unhurt were Phil Watson of the Rangers and George Allen of Montreal. Watson, now coach of the Boston Bruins, says it wasn't an accident. "I grabbed hold of Allen and said, 'Look, George, what's the sense of getting tangled up? What do you say we stand on the side and watch this one?' He said O.K. So we did. It was the best damn fight we ever saw."

The brawling lasted 20 minutes and subsided only because of mass exhaustion on both sides. The 15,925 spectators, who until then were awed by the spectacle on the ice, got a big laugh when Referee George Hayes handed out only three penalties—10-minute misconducts to Richard, Juzda and Chamberlain. "It was impossible to keep track of all the fights," said Hayes. "That

was the worst hockey riot I ever saw."

During the last half minute of play another riot nearly started. Tony Leswick of the Rangers tried to impale Durnan with his stick, and Leswick's usually calm teammate, Ab DeMarco, took a swing at Mosdell. As the final buzzer sounded, police averted more trouble by quickly herding the players to their dressing rooms.

Montreal won 4-3, and the Canadiens toasted their championship (and escape from Manhattan) on the train home. Kenny Reardon, who needed 14 stitches to close his lip, was the only disconsolate man on the train. But it wasn't the injury that bothered him.

"I was the guy who started the fight," said Reardon, "but, believe it or not, I never got to see it. Right after the cop knocked me down I got up and walked to the clinic. I didn't find out about the riot until the game was over and the guys came into the room all cut up. It sort of burns me up. I could've had a hell of a time out there."

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

For most of the nation's major-college teams the jousting for postseason tournament berths was over. The NCAA had 10 shiny new conference champions, two runners-up and nine at-large teams safely in the fold (see page 25) and waited patiently for decisions in the Big Fight, Missouri Valley, Southwest and Mid-Atlantic conferences. New York's NIT acquired Holy Cross (18-5) and the Skyline's third-place Colorado State U. (18-8) and hoped to fill out its 12-team field with the second best in the Missouri Valley (Bradley or Cincinnati) and Mid-Atlantic (Temple or St. Joseph's).

THE MIDWEST

Around the Big Ten, Wisconsin Coach John Erickson is affectionately known as the "happy loser." Even when his Badgers finished deep in the second division the past two years, he was optimistic. This year his optimism was rewarded as Wisconsin won often enough to hang on to Ohio State's shortards (until Minnesota upset the Badgers 92-90 last Monday) in the Big Ten race. Then, on Saturday, Erickson's cup overflowed. While 13,545 unbelieving fans in Madison roared appreciatively, Wisconsin soundly whipped Ohio State 86-67. It began like any other Ohio State game. Jerry Lucas segged OSU's first eight points, added three more and the Buckeyes led 15-14 after seven minutes. But Lucas didn't score again until the second half, and OSU never again had the lead. Tom Gwyn, a 6-foot-7 junior, covered Big Luke like a second jersey, and he picked up sagging support from his teammates when it was obvious that the Buckeyes were off target from long range. Meanwhile, the other Badgers were hustling their happy heads off. They survived OSU's assumed defensive tricks—the pressing man-to-man and even the all-court "rat" zone press—and harassed the Buckeyes with their own suddenly vigilant defense. They beat OSU off the boards when it mattered and ran nerrily whenever they got the chance. But it was the long-distance popping of sophomore Don Hearden, who scored on 13 jumpers from outside, and Ken Siebel, who flipped in nine field goals from the corner, that ultimately beat the stunned Buckeyes. Hearden got 29 points, Siebel 22 and, for a change, Wisconsin's Erickson was a happy winner. Said he, "I'm still not sure it really happened. I believe in miracles, but this is almost too much." It was also too much for Ohio State's Fred Taylor. "We really got our clock cleaned," mourned Taylor, "but this

isn't the end of the world. We'll just have to take our lumps and bounce back."

Despite its defeat, Ohio State was in the NCAA tournament as Big Ten representative. But defending champion Cincinnati still had some unfinished business before it could qualify. Reiders, after a bumbling start against St. Louis' aggressive half-court press, ran off 18 straight points in the second half and beat the Bills 58-47 to tie Cincinnati for the Missouri Valley title and set up a playoff March 12 in Evansville, Ind.

The Big Eight, too, appeared to be heading for a deadlock after Kansas State Coach Tex Winter found a way to thwart Colorado's big front line. He had guards Warren Brown and Dick Ewy press to disrupt Colorado's fast break and, when the Bulls did get through, the K-State defense retreated to jam the middle. The result: Colorado frontliners Ken Charlton, Jim Davis and Wilky Gilmore scored only 25 points, and Kansas State won 60-48. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (22-1)
2. CINCINNATI (24-5)
3. KANSAS STATE (24-2)

THE SOUTH

After stumbling around for two-thirds of the season, Wake Forest was sitting on top of the ACC. But not before Clemson pulled off some astonishing upsets in the championship tournament in Raleigh. Clemson's Press Maravich came up with a combination zone that picked up individual opponents when they broke through, then switched off at the direction of the pivot man in the defense. Neither N.C. State nor Duke could solve it, and they both lost, State 67-46 and Duke 77-72. But Clemson's contrived combo wasn't nearly so effective against Wake Forest in the final. The Deacons, who had earlier beaten Virginia 81-58 and North Carolina 88-75, found a way to lick it. Playmaker Billy Packer pried apart the defense with his passes, big Len Chappell shot over it for 31 points and Wake won 77-66.

West Virginia was hurting badly when the Southern Conference tournament began in Richmond. Forward Paul Miller had quit with chronic foot trouble. Guard Jim McCormick was out with a calcium deposit on his thigh and Guard Dick Daborn was nursing a charley horse. But Red Thorn was healthy enough and he led the Mountaineers past Richmond 97-75, George Washington 86-73 and jittery young Virginia Tech 88-72 for their seventh title in eight years.

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp didn't expect



HENDED IN by Wisconsin's Hughtanks and Gwyn (40), OSU's Lucas seeks way out of dilemma. There was none, and Badgers won.

to win the SEC title. He knew that Mississippi State would wrap that up, and the Bulldogs did, by beating Tulane 83-62 and Mississippi 63-58. But Rupp also was aware of State's aversion to playing in the NCAA tournament, where it might have to mingle with Negroes. With this in mind, Rupp plotted carefully for his second-place battle with Auburn. Actually, all he really needed was Cotton Nash. The Tigers tried desperately to contain him, but each well-conceived and skillfully executed thrust at the basket by Auburn was nullified by a flip of Nash's wrist. He also put on 30 points, and Kentucky won 63-60. Then came what The Baron wanted so badly—an NCAA invitation. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI STATE (24-0)
2. KENTUCKY (26-0)
3. WAKE FOREST (16-8)

THE EAST

With tournaments approaching, eastern independents were busy shoring up their records. NYU, its sophomores looking better and better, pushed past Manhattan 88-73 and Boston U 91-69. St. John's had a close call against Marquette but pulled through, 71-69, when Kevin Loughery swished in a jumper at the buzzer. Providence made the most of big Jim Hadnot's new proclivity in the post, feeding him for 42 points as Holy Cross fell 92-71. Duquesne beat Seton Hall 94-80, and Villanova defeated St. Joseph's 66-59. But the biggest victory was scored by a team that didn't

receive a tournament bid. After 27 straight losses (for a new major-college record), Syracuse upset Boston College 73-72.

Yale overwhelmed Dartmouth 81-66 and Harvard 82-65 for the Ivy title; Massachusetts whopped New Hampshire 109-62 but needed help from Connecticut (which beat Rhode Island 89-83) to win its first Yankee championship in 15 years. Temple clinched a Mid-Atlantic tie by beating Gettysburg 59-44, but St. Joseph's can still win a share of the title. The top three:

1. ST. JOHNS (12-4)
2. NYU (10-6)
3. VILLANOVA (10-4)

THE SOUTHWEST

The hectic Southwest Conference, used to the oddest occurrences as part of its routine, was upset by rumors of an impending scandal. But the race went on as usual. Now it was down to two teams—SMU and Texas Tech—with one game to go. The Mustangs used their foul-shooting prowess (27 for 31) to beat Baylor 69-52, Tech wrapped Texas A&M in a confining defense and knocked the Aggies out of the running, 69-49. If both teams win Tuesday, they will tie for the title and play off March 9 in Houston for a place in the NCAA tournament.

While Houston rested for the NIT, Arizona State continued to stretch its winning streak. The Sun Devils got by Arizona 67-53 and Los Angeles State 79-58 for their 11th straight. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (12-2)
2. HOUSTON (20-0)
3. SMU (17-4)

THE WEST

When Washington led UCLA 55-43, with minutes to go, it was apparent that Coach Johnny Wooden was going to have to do something in a hurry. He sent his Bruins into a full-court press, and Washington's well-planned offense began to disintegrate. While the Huskies were confused, UCLA pecked away until it caught up. Then Johnny Green hit on a three-point play and the Bruins went on to win 69-66 to take the Big Five championship.

It was all over in the Skyline. Utah and its superstar, Billy McGill, made certain of that by beating Colorado State U. 86-68 to win its fourth straight title. Two nights later McGill scored 50 points to raise his total to 1,009 and his average to 38.8 as the Utes trounced Wyoming 94-75. But Utah, banned from tournament play by the NCAA, will stay at home while Utah State, which swarmed over Denver 82-64 and New Mexico 88-77 to take second place, goes to the West regionals in Corvallis.

Pepperdine put down San Francisco 69-57 and St. Mary's 81-76 to win the WCAC title, Oregon State defeated Washington State twice, 62-55 and 63-46. The top three:

1. UTAH (20-0)
2. UCLA (18-0)
3. OREGON STATE (20-4)



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2 *They work their way up.* This is a development similar to that of food tastes—or from pabulum to paté. When such men and women begin to drink socially, they start with blandness. Then as they and their tastes mature...it's straight bourbon for them.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LIFT-OFF

Sirs:

Sorry, but I do not believe your so-called scientific tests involving vaulting poles of different materials proved anything at all as far as pole-vault results are concerned (*He Could Do It on Bamboo*, Feb. 26). It does not matter whether or not a fiber-glass pole has or has not more resiliency, vibration, etc., than a wet noodle. The only "foul" claimed by antifiber-glass people is the excessive catapult action provided by a fiber-glass pole.

Your test in that department involved a 20-pound weight, in which case the fiber-glass pole flipped the two-pound beam by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches higher than the closest competitor, bamboo. Simple arithmetic would suggest that in the case of a 160-pound human "beam," this factor would be multiplied eight times, giving the pole vaulter using fiber glass at least a five-foot advantage over vaulters using poles of different material. Today's advanced science should be able to test the vaulting poles under actual field conditions.

KENNETH M. GOESHKOW

Seattle

Sirs:

The current uproar about the fiber-glass pole overlooks the many occasions in track and field history where improved equipment (or changes in rules) has effected much greater advances in world records. When the wire-handled, swivel-head hammer replaced the ball with wood handle some 70 years ago, the hammer throwers added about 40 feet to the prevailing mark. In 1942 the discus circle was increased from 7 feet to 8 feet 2 inches, immediately increasing the world record by about 10%. In 1930 the restrictions on the high jump were removed, permitting the dive technique that all jumpers now use. The hurdle races of today are not the same as those before 1935 when the heavy fences were replaced by the L-head hurdle (later the rocker hurdle) and the rules were changed to permit any number of hurdles to be knocked down. The high-hurdle mark promptly came down 6 seconds.

And how about starting blocks?

GEORGE P. MEADE

New Orleans

Sirs:

I have used both steel and fiber-glass poles to advantage; I vaulted three years with Aubrey Donley, who I think did the most to popularize the fiber-glass pole; and I watched George Davies work for two years.

My best competitive jump up to the time I started using one of the old-type fiber-

glass poles was 14 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Within three weeks on fiber-glass in 1957 I was regularly clearing 14 feet 6 inches in practice, higher than I had ever cleared before in a practice jump. Our first meet was an indoor one at Kansas State University I was feeling very good that night and was warming up at 14 feet. On my second warmup jump, I got everything out of the pole that it was capable of giving. At exactly the right instant the pole unwound and catapulted me way up over the bar—and clear over the pit where I landed on the hard clay floor and broke my left wrist. As you can plainly see, I know from experience that the fiber-glass pole does give an extra boost.

Here is my own comparison of the two types of poles. Steel-pole advantage: a more solid foundation on which the stronger individual may exert the force of the pull-up. Disadvantage: does not absorb the shock of the initial impact, therefore it is harder on the lower back, especially for the taller vaulter. Fiber-glass pole advantage: absorbs the shock on take-off, therefore allows a smoother swing and does not put as much strain on the back. Disadvantage: inconsistency in performance. At times the arc of the tremendous bend in the fiber-glass pole is misdirected and gets in the vaulter's way, or as Aubrey Donley used to say, "Get out from under me, there was nothing to pull against."

To me, this argument is just like the live-liver baseball controversy. There is a change in the poles but the fundamentals of vaulting have not been altered. A man still has to master the techniques before he can use any pole, and, in my opinion, it is more difficult to master the fiber-glass pole than it is the steel pole.

JAMES G. (JIM) GRAHAM D V M
Stillwater, Okla.

Sirs:

I wonder what effect a fiber-glass bat would have on today's baseball?

ARTHUR W. SILVA
Santa Maria, Calif.

Sirs:

Personally, I am willing to congratulate anyone who vaults 16 feet, even if he uses a lashing pole.

Maplewood, Mo.

IN ORBIT

Sirs:

I suggest a story about John Glenn under some such title as "The Greatest Athlete of Them All."

I don't know much about his athletic

JOE MASON

pross except that he is a competent skier. But among the records he broke the other day are:

1) John Uelses' pole vault mark by 857-455 feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches without the aid of a glass pole.

2) Ralph Boston's broad jump by 424-659, 812 feet 10 inches.

3) Peter Snell's 3,544 mile by 3:54.2
ARTHUR C. HARM D D S
Long Beach, Calif.

● And Phileas Fogg's round-the-world mark by 79 days 22 hours and 32 minutes.—ED.

MAUDY'S MUSCLES

Sirs:

I enjoyed Mickey Wright's golf lesson (Feb. 19) but I must take exception to titles like "How to Hit as Far as a Man," "How to Hit as Far as You Can," "How to Out-drive Maudy Divo," "Loosen Your Girdles, Girls, and Let Her Fly" would seem a fairer challenge to average women golfers. I know of many women who can outdrive many men. I also know a few female wrestlers who could break every bone in my head.

If I had a woman come to me and say, "I want to hit a ball as far as a man," I would, of course, try to discourage her. But if she persisted I would prescribe the following muscle-building program: do 50 push-ups before and after breakfast, use 300-pound wedges for weight lifting to build up strong shoulders and chest, squeeze a rubber ball all the time to build up strong fingers, hands, wrists and forearms and play football with the boys.

GENE O'BRIEN
Wichita, Kans.

Sirs:

Mickey Wright's piece on how to hit a long ball will help thousands of women golfers and those of the male variety also. I've added 15 yards to my drives already by controlling my flying right elbow as pointed out in Step 5.

ALLAN DUNN
Bridgeport, Conn.

HYMAN'S "WEEK"

Sirs:

I wonder if Mervin Hyman would mind explaining just what sort of by-guess or by-gosh system he uses to pick the first three teams in each section of the country in his BASKETBALL'S WEEK. For instance in the East (Feb. 19) he had St. John's (15 wins, 4 losses), Villanova (16-5), Duquesne (16-3). To me it is very obvious that "third-place"

continued



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15TH HOLE *continued*

Duquesne should be first by virtue of having the same number of wins as "second-place" Villanova and fewer losses than either Villanova or "first-place" St. John's.

RALPH A. FISHER JR.

Hurley, N. Mex.

● By gosh, Duquesne (No. 3) was beaten 82-63 by Villanova (No. 2), and Villanova in turn was beaten 79-66 by St. John's—ED.

Sirs:

Why not break down and write a story on Paul Silas, the nation's greatest rebounder?

TERRY CAMPBELL

Omaha

Sirs:

The Air Force Academy has beaten Kansas, Colorado State, Brigham Young, Nebraska, Wyoming, New Mexico and nine other schools. We've lost only to Wyoming, Marquette, Washington, Arizona State and Creighton. Possibly your Mr. Hymen might mention our basketball team sometime?

PAUL R. VERDIER JR.

U.S. Air Force Academy, Colo.

Sirs:

What's with Merv Hymen? Only two meanly lines about Holy Cross's Jack (The Shot) Foley (Feb. 12). He's already broken records held by Togo Palazzi, Tommy Heintz and Bob Cousy and is now the second leading scorer in the nation.

DANNY O'NEIL

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